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SEPTEMBER 22, 1958

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



VIRGINIA'S
GOVERNOR ALMOND

Don Chiselman



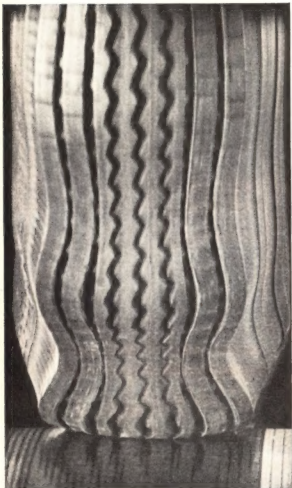
Four thousand years ago, the gifted people along the Nile had already learned that mathematics could solve many problems. With rule-of-thumb formulas and such simple tools as knotted ropes and measuring sticks, the Egyptians could determine the corner angles of a pyramid, the slope of the face, the bricks needed for a ramp. Today our tools include sensitive instruments and precise machines, but measurement remains one of the most important uses of mathematics. And the adventurous young people who become tomorrow's mathematicians will face new and exciting measurement problems as man explores outer space.

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EXTREME SPEED HOUR-AFTER-HOUR causes "standing waves" in an ordinary tire (above). This distortion beats them up, often tears them to pieces. That's why B.F. Goodrich—after testing hundreds of different cord angles, cord fabrics, treads—designed a tubeless, nylon-cord tire for drivers who hit the speed limit and stay there!



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P2-9

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The great Dorsey group of the late 1930s and early 40s playing their biggest hits. Featuring Frank Sinatra, Bunny Berigan, Jo Stafford with The Pied Pipers. 12 selections, including *Marie*, *Star Dust*, *I'll Never Smile Again*, *Song of India*, *Opus No. 1*.



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THE GOLDEN AGE OF
BENNY GOODMAN

The King, his band and Quartet, at their swinging best in 11 masterpieces; with Krupa, Hampton, etc. *Sing Sing Sing, One o'Clock Jump, And the Angels Sing, Stompin' at the Savoy, King Porter's Stomp, Bugle Call Rag*, etc. The original versions.



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Duke's all-time best band, 1940-42, with Hodges, Webster, Blanton, Stewart, Williams, Carney, Ivie Anderson, Herb Jeffries. 16 tunes, including "A" Train, *I Got It Bad*, *Perdido*, *Cotton Tail*, *Main Stem*, *Blue Serge*, *Flaming Sword*, *Rocks in My Bed*.

ARTIE SHAW
and His Orchestra
MOONGLOW

Shaw's two most successful big bands in 12 history-making hits recorded in 1938-43. Includes *Begin the Beguine*, *Nightmare*, *Frenesi*, *Star Dust*, *Dancing in the Dark*, *Temptation*, *Indian Love Call*, *All the Things You Are*, *Serenade to a Savage*, etc.



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LETTERS

Raising Hell with Nasser

Sir:

Thank you for your thought-provoking stories on the Middle East. We should have a Nasser around this black man's hell and white man's paradise to kick out the color-conscious white men, whose only interests seem to be getting good salaries out of this so-called democratic British colony.

MOHAMMED TORAH

Nadi, Fiji

Sir:

May I ask what makes Nasser, the mixed-breed Egyptian, a better qualified Arab nationalist than King Hussein, the purebred Arab and descendant of Mohammed?

REGINA CARLSON

Jersey City

Down to the Sea in Subs

Sir:

After reading about Russia's pig-boat fleet, I considered it a welcome change to know that Uncle Sam is finally doing something about the threat of enemy subs. Hurrah for Rear Admiral Thach and his men of the Navy's ASW (antisubmarine warfare) (Sept. 1). Maybe now the Navy will show the public that they can do more than just eat good chow and shoot craps.

PETER A. JOHNSTON

Cincinnati

Sir:

Any submarine skipper who'd fall for Thach's "other shoe" routine deserves to be shot from one of his own torpedo tubes.

GREGORY FOKSZEY

Toronto, Ont.

Sir:

In reading your interesting article, I came across your picture captioned "Alfa Helicopter Pilot on Pursuit Exercise." This picture appears to have been taken through the nose station of a P-47F Neptune patrol plane. Having flown the latter plane, I am positive your picture was taken through what we call our "Poker parlor."

DANIEL I. KARLIN
Lieutenant (jg), U.S.N.R.

Chicago

Sir:

Breathes there a Navy or Marine Corps pilot who did not instantly recognize Admiral (nee Commander) Thach from the many fine tactical films he made during the unpleasantness of the '40s? In the story, however, your hypoxic staffer was understandably carried

away by overexposure to so much brass in such rarefied atmosphere. The good greying admiral never could have done a "snap roll" tied to another plane's wing. Snap roll yes, but a snap roll is an axial roll involving a partial stall, and were you to try this maneuver tied wing-to-wing with another fly machine, you would experience a feeling of togetherness which you would never get over.

J. SHELDON LEWIS
Chief Pilot

Thatcher Glass Manufacturing Co.
Elmira, N.Y.

TIME, erring, promises itself a refresher in aircraft-identification, formation aerobatics.—Ed.

Sir:

I thought you might be interested in knowing that the July 21 issue of TIME was



BACK FROM THE POLE

a part of the small wardrobe library that sailed to the North Pole with us on Aug. 12 and 17, 1958.

JAMES F. CALVERT
Commander, U.S.N.

U.S. Skale
% Fleet P.O.
New York City

Art's Ossorios

Sir:

In the Aug. 11 Art section you discuss the paintings of Abstract Expressionist Alfonso Ossorio. In the Aug. 25 issue you reproduce

two portraits: Goya's *Don Vicente Ossorio*, a young Spanish prince, and Millais' *Cherry Ripe*, a girl of four who is today Signora Edie Ossorio, aged 84. Their names are almost identical. Are they related?

J. C. BEAVER

Los Angeles

¶ The tot who posed for *Cherry Ripe* is the great aunt of Artist Ossorio. Goya's model is no kin.—Ed.

Leotights & Legotards

Sir:

The outrageous fad known as leotights and legotards is known as lolitards in this town. Lunatards would be a more appropriate label, since they make the wearer look like something from outer space.

KATHRYN SMITH

Jackson, Miss.

Preconvention Buildup

Sir:

The Democratic state ticket in N.Y. is so weighted by Carmine De Sapio's egregious public display of bossism [Sept. 8] that nothing can prevent its defeat this fall. The only question is whether intelligent Democrats and independent voters will seize the opportunity to kill De Sapio politically by making this defeat in New York completely overwhelming by voting Republican. The Democratic Party is the only one that can give vitality to a hopeful future, but only its members can make it worthy of that great mission.

JULIAN JACK

New York City

Southern Backwardness

Sir:

There is a wave of shocked incredulity sweeping over Europe at the news of the James Wilson case [Wilson, an Alabama Negro, was sentenced to die for a \$1.95 theft, has now won an indefinite stay of execution]. As an American citizen, residing for the last seven years in Europe, I share the shock. As a native Southerner, I do not share the incredulity. Having spent the first 20 years of my life in the South, I know, with sad certainty, that the bigotry of our mutually beloved region cannot be overestimated. But I am just as certain that we can no longer afford our eternal march in double-quick time backwards into the past. I believe that America is the best hope of man.

FRANK YERBY

Menton, France

Sir:

England exiled Napoleon to the island of St. Helena; why can't the U.S. find Governor Faubus an island home?

D'ARCY K. BANCROFT

Winnipeg, Canada

Sir:

Being a resident of Louisiana and having observed the racial superiority doctrine in action, I believe I can comment on it: what most supporters of "states' rights" do not, or do not want to, realize is that the Southern idea is white states' rights, which is not real self-government at all. I deplore the need for calling out the troops, but if it takes the troops to make a locality stick to its moral, religious, logical and legal obligations, then let's have them.

O. J. RUSSELL

Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Lolita

Sir:

You have reached rock-bottom with your review of Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita* [Sept. 1]. You may be likened to a dribbling slug

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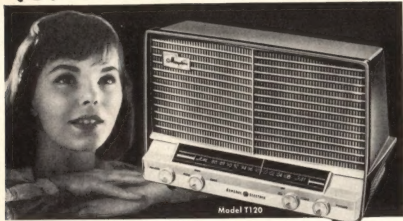
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who creeps in darkness because the spreading jungle has blotted out its view of the sun.
CARLISLE, Pa.

VIRGINIA FICKEL

Sir:

Your review of Nabokov's *Lolita* could not have been more accurately written. As I have already read the book, I was both surprised and happy to find that you have reviewed such a shocking novel. Thank you.

ERNEST S. CAPONI

Leominster, Mass.

Bringing Up Murphy

Sir:

Our 30,000 alumni were disappointed when no mention was made in your story on Robert Murphy that he had received his earlier training under the Jesuits of Marquette. He is rather proud of the fact that he is an alumnus of this university—the largest Catholic one in the U.S.

RAY H. PFAU

Marquette University
Alumni Association
Milwaukee, Wis.

Cathedrals & Faith

Sir:

Bishop Robert Dwyer's comment that cathedrals must go [Sept. 1] reveals that he, too, has yielded to the secular pressure of modern life. The great cathedrals of Europe were built by men of faith and devotion. The one comment that might be made about the church of today is that it has ceased to build cathedrals; faith and devotion are lacking. Men no longer believe; so they don't build. But let's build more cathedrals!

(THE REV.) GORDON W. MATTICE
First Presbyterian Church
Jamaica, N.Y.

Sir:

"Death to the Cathedral" recalls the story of a Catholic who, after seeing Manhattan's Cardinal Spellman rush into the private office of famed real estate man William Zeckendorf, gasped, "Oh my gosh, there goes St. Patrick's Cathedral."

WALTER E. HUELLE

Cambridge, Md.

Tax & Other Figures

Sir:

Am I the only American taxpayer getting weary of digging deep to pay for foreign aid to countries whose feeble efforts to collect income taxes from their own citizens reminds one of a Keystone Cops comedy [Sept. 1]? It's a shame that Gina Lollobrigida isn't as generously endowed with a sense of civic duty as she is with anatomy.

CARROLL WILLIS

Wichita, Kans.

Sir:

You printed inexact facts about the income-tax figure of my wife, Gina Lollobrigida. Your figure of \$18,833 for 1957 represents the net tax to be paid by Signora Lollobrigida at the request of the *Comune di Roma* (municipal administration of the city of Rome), which has fixed the taxable income for 1957 at approximately \$128,000.

MILKO SKOFIC

Rome

Sir:

Many thanks for your picture of Lollobrigida. It brought a fact to my attention I had never noticed before—she is also very pretty.

NORMAN J. MEUNIER

Northampton, Mass.

A COLLEGE EDUCATION DOES NOT MAKE AN EDUCATED MAN



A message from Dr. Mortimer J. Adler,
Director for the Institute of Philosophical Research

"The greatest mistake anyone can make about liberal education is to suppose that it can be acquired, once and for all, in the course of one's youth and by passing through school and college.

"This is what schoolboys do not know and, perhaps, cannot be expected to understand while they are still in school. They can be pardoned the illusion that, as they approach the moment of graduation, they are finishing their education. But no intelligent adult is subject to this illusion for long, once his formal schooling is completed.

"He soon learns how little he knows and knows how much he has to learn. He soon comes to understand that if his education were finished with school, he, too, would be finished, so far as mental growth or maturity of understanding and judgment are concerned.

"With the years he realizes how very slowly any human being grows in wisdom. With this realization he recognizes that the reason why schooling cannot make young people wise is also the reason why it cannot complete their education. The fullness of time is required for both."

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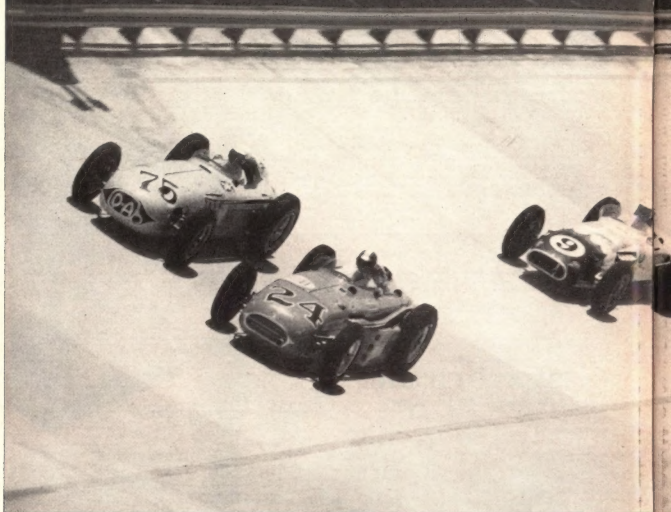
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PUBLISHER

James A. Linen

GENERAL MANAGER

Frederick S. Gilbert

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

John McLatchie

ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER

Frank R. Siler

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Linen



HOUDON'S THOMAS JEFFERSON

THOMAS JEFFERSON, the 2nd govern-
or of Virginia, who ranked the
education of the common people
"above all things," proposed the na-
tion's first public-school system in
1779. Last week James Lindsay Al-
mond, 60th in the line of Virginia's
Governors, who ranks segregation of
the races above all things, was ready
to preside over the dissolution of the
school system which Jefferson estab-
lished. For a close study of the mo-
tives that led James Lindsay Almond
to the point of ending what Thomas
Jefferson started and the complex legal
strategy he was using, see NATIONAL
AFFAIRS, "The Gravest Crisis."

provocative questions are raw material
for C. S. Lewis, amateur Christian
theologian, whose thoughtful books,
lectures and articles on the subject
(notably *The Screwtape Letters*) are
now supplemented by a brilliant new
volume on the psalms. Philosopher
Lewis concludes, among other things,
that modern man might be better off
if, like psalm people, he broke a few
more windows and staged a few more
moderate riots. See RELIGION, *Lewis
on the Psalms*.

THE human body creates cancer,
and in its mysterious way the body
sometimes kills cancer by itself. This
phenomenon is so rare that the odds
are 99,999 to one. Since 1900 there
have been only 120 proven cases in
the world. The fact that it does hap-
pen gives hope to researchers and new
life to a few extraordinarily fortunate
cancer victims. For news of one, see
MEDICINE, *Vanishing Cancer*.

WHAT are Christians to make of
a document that pronounces a bless-
ing on the act of snatching up a baby
and beating its brains out against the
pavement? The question is indeed per-
tinent, because the blessing is offered
in the beautiful 137th Psalm. Such

CREDIT, which was once the sign
that a person had trouble meeting
his bills, has taken on a glamorous new
meaning in recent years. Now a man
with a credit card can rent a plane or
boat or car, live it up in nightclubs,
take a safari to Africa and even get a
Kelly Girl for temporary office help.
Why? Because of the *Credit-Card
Game*, see BUSINESS.

*You know what it's like in the Yukon wild when it's sixty-nine below;
When the ice-worms wiggle their purple heads through the crust of the
pale blue snow;
When the pine-trees crack like little guns in the silence of the wood,
And the icicles hang down like tusks under the parka hood . . .*

—See THE HEMISPHERE, The Yukon Troubadour.

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THE NATION

Secession from Civilization

Closing down the schools, Editor Jonathan Daniels of the Raleigh, N.C. *News & Observer* once told fellow Southerners, is "something beyond secession from the Union; it is secession from civilization." Last week Virginia's Governor J. Lindsay Almond Jr. and Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus ordered certain public schools closed in answer to a Supreme Court ruling that Little Rock's Central High School must proceed immediately with its program of integration.

The essence of the Supreme Court ruling (see The Supreme Court) was that the law does not retreat from violence. Yet it was through fully arrayed state laws that Virginia's Almond closed the Warren County High School at Front Royal and Arkansas' Faubus closed all four high schools in Little Rock. The irony is that the court's ruling was brought about by and is the answer to the violence built up a year ago in Faubus' wild bid for political power. This year the South's defense is one of legal stratagems. And though both federal and state governments are pledged to avoid violence few could doubt that the cause of integration is far worse off than it was last year.

This fact, more than any other, pointed

up the need for a change in the Administration's position, Dwight Eisenhower, honorably intending to stay above the battle and base his case on the enforcement of law and order, had overlooked the fact that the U.S. needed moral leadership in fighting segregation. Without it, Southern moderates had no place to go. Without it, some of the most patient, effective integration programs were weakened as Southern diehards mobilized their own legal resources to fight the battle for segregation in the name of states' rights.

It was time for the President to perceive that law enforcement must be accompanied by active effort in behalf of the principle behind the law. It was likewise time for sober Southerners to realize the enormity of the school-closing acts.

THE SUPREME COURT

No Time for Bridge Burners

Standing before the nine Justices of the U.S. Supreme Court last week, Lawyer Richard C. Butler, counsel for Little Rock's board of education, tried hard to make clear the board's plea for a postponement of integration at Little Rock's Central High School. The board, Butler said, was "placed between the millstones of two sovereignties"—the Federal Government and Arkansas' Governor Orval Faubus. If law and order had broken down in Little Rock, Butler submitted, that was not the fault of the school board, which had labored to make integration work. The board's dilemma was similar to that of a drayman, he explained, who was ordered to go from "Point A" to "Point B," and in doing so, to cross a bridge over a deep chasm. The bridge, however, had collapsed. Would it be right, asked he, to require the drayman to make the trip?

From his chair next to Chief Justice Earl Warren, tiny, pince-nez'd Felix Frankfurter observed: "A court of equity would not be beyond its powers to require that the bridge be restored."

Make It Clear. It was precisely Orval Faubus' deliberate burning of the bridges between federal justice and enforcement that brought the N.A.A.C.P. and Little Rock's school board back before the high court last week. And the question before the court was whether bridge burning and violence were lawful excuses for slowing down the crawl toward integration.

From N.A.A.C.P. Counsel Thurgood Marshall came a pointed argument



Shut-Down School in Front Royal, Va.
Missing: moral leadership.

against the proposition: "I worry about the white children in Little Rock who are told . . . that the way to get your rights is to violate the law. It should be affirmed . . . that Article VI of the Constitution means what it says." Echoing Marshall's plea, U.S. Solicitor General J. Lee Rankin rose to remind the court of the obligations of school boards and state authorities to uphold the Constitution. "The court," said he, "must say throughout the length and breadth of this land: There can be no equality of justice for our people if the law steps aside even for a moment."

Make It Prompt. Next day at noon, the Supreme Court chamber was again charged with suspense. The overhead clocks ticked off the minutes as spectators moved quietly to the handful of seats and a hundred more lined up outside. U.S. Attorney General William P. Rogers slipped in quietly. So did some wives and children of the Justices. Soon two page boys in knickers and high black socks mounted the bench, pushed the nine chairs back and forth to see if they rolled easily, made sure that each Justice was provided with his customary pencil, seissors and paper. In a few seconds they were gone. Abruptly, from behind the red draperies hanging between the Italian marble columns, the members of the court appeared and the court crier chanted his old cry of "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!"

As the Associate Justices rested back in their chairs—all looking straight ahead, with the exception of Frankfurter, who turned his chair to face the Chief Justice



Associated Press
Justice Warren Court-Bound
The law does not retreat.

—Earl Warren briskly read the court's unanimous decision, which, he announced, will be followed in due course with a full written opinion: "In view of the imminent commencement of the new school year at the Central High School of Little Rock," the court deemed it important to make a prompt announcement of its decision. "It is accordingly ordered that the judgment of the Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit, dated August 18, 1958 . . . be affirmed"; i.e., the school board's plea for more time was denied.

Make It Orderly. With utter finality, the Supreme Court had spoken to the bridge burners. Now it remained for law-enforcement agencies to build a new bridge. Anticipating the court's decision, Attorney General Rogers had written two remarkable letters to Little Rock. One advised the school board president that the Justice Department was ready to help him get federal injunctions against anyone who violated federal court orders. The other reminded City Manager Dean Daulay that state authorities were primarily responsible for law and order. But the U.S. marshal and more than two deputy marshals would be on hand to cooperate.

Two and one-half hours after the Supreme Court's ruling, President Eisenhower added prestigious emphasis to the Federal Government's earnest plans for orderly compliance with the law. Said the President: "I appeal to the sense of civic responsibility that animates the vast majority of our citizenry to avoid defiance of the court's orders . . . All of us know that if an individual, a community or a state is going continuously and successfully to defy the rulings of the courts, then anarchy results . . . I hope that all of us may live up to our traditional and proud boast that ours is a government of laws. Let us keep it that way."

ARKANSAS

Shutdown in Little Rock

Orval Faubus, Governor of Arkansas, was seated at the head of a long table in the conference room next to his office. He was presiding at a routine public meeting of state-election commissioners. A beefy, cigar-chewing reporter sidled up to the Governor, whispered in his ear the news of the Supreme Court's decision. Faubus listened impassively, nodded and said nothing. Then he leaned toward State Attorney General Bruce Bennett, sitting at his side, and the two whispered, gestured, broke out laughing.

By late afternoon Faubus was ready to announce his plans. At 4:25 an aide left the Governor's office, filed with the secretary of state a sheaf of anti-integration laws enacted by the legislature at the Governor's behest: Orval Faubus had been keeping them on his desk for two weeks. Now, freshly signed, they had the power of law. Then he called in the press and read his announcement in a flat, tense voice: "Acting under the powers and responsibilities imposed upon me by these laws, I have ordered closed the senior high schools of Little Rock, in order to avoid the impending violence and disorder

which would occur, and to preserve the peace of the community." Under another law Faubus proclaimed a school-district referendum for Oct. 7 on whether the schools should be integrated and reopened. Of the three white high schools in Little Rock, only Central has attempted integration.

Faubus knew that he was bound to reap the growing outrage of parents and students who wanted their schools open—integrated or no. He knew too that his act defied a federal court order prohibiting him from obstructing Central High School's integration progress. Suddenly, out of nowhere, came an admitted Little Rock segregationist named Gertie Garrett to file suit against the Governor in Chan-



ANGIE EVANS

"Someone had to speak up."

cery Court. Ostensible purpose: to test the constitutionality of the school-closing law in state courts. Though the Governor's office denied any complicity, it seemed likely that the suit was designed to head off the growing parent-student clamor, and to put a test case to a state court, thus (hopefully) precluding immediate federal action against the same law.

At week's end the Little Rock city council issued a statement: "If and when Central High School is integrated, the responsibility is clearly that of the Federal Government. However [the municipal government] will protect life and property." And while more than 200 deputies came and went from U.S. Marshal Beal Kidd's office, sign painters were busy preparing ominous notices: WARNING—DEPUTY UNITED STATES MARSHALS WEARING SPECIAL ARM BANDS AND OTHER IDENTIFICATION ARE ON OFFICIAL DUTY IN THIS VICINITY. THEY ARE ASSISTING IN THE EXECUTION OF ORDERS OF THE FEDERAL COURT, ANY PERSON INTERFERING WITH OR OBSTRUCTING SAID DEPUTY MARSHALS, IN THE PERFORMANCE OF THEIR DUTIES IS LIABLE TO CRIMINAL PROSECUTION UNDER FEDERAL LAW.

Courage in Van Buren

Eased on by the local police chief, the leading toughs of the Van Buren, Ark. High School staged a 45-man school "strike" and managed to scare away the 13 Negro youngsters trying to return to school at term's beginning. Last week the Van Buren school board, wavering before pressure to revise the integration plan that worked last year, announced a public hearing for the anti-integration White Citizens' Council. Up before the meeting that night, to the general astonishment, stood Jessie Angeline Evans, 15, grocer's daughter, straight A student and one of the rare juniors to be elected president of the high school student council. Angie's message: in the three hours before the meeting she and her friends polled 160 of the school's 635 students on the integration question in its bluntest form ("Should Negro students attend Van Buren High School?"). Their tally: 45 opposed, 30 undecided, 85 in favor.

Speaking for "the majority of the school," the pretty Ozark Joan of Arc added: "We think it is only fair that the Negroes be permitted to attend this high school . . . Have you thought what you make those Negro children feel like, running them out of school?"

After the stunned silence Angie stood off angry questioners; the meeting broke up without taking any action. The duck-tailed haircut set soon drifted back to classes, and the N.A.A.C.P. pressed suit to force the school board to carry out the provisions of its integration plan. But Angie Evans was the center of most attention. Why did she do it? "Someone had to speak up," said Methodist Angie. "I just don't think segregation is a Christian thing."

VIRGINIA

"The Gravest Crisis"

(See Cover)

Above all things, I hope the education of the common people will be attended to; convinced that on their good senses we may rely with the most security for the preservation of a due degree of liberty.

—Thomas Jefferson
to James Madison (1787)

Behind the massive walnut desk in Richmond's proud, Ionic-fronted Capitol, designed by Thomas Jefferson in 1785, sat florid, heavy-shouldered J. (for James) Lindsay Almond Jr., 66th Governor of Virginia in the line of Jefferson, Patrick Henry, James Monroe, John Tyler and Harry Flood Byrd. He had, he admitted, been under "continuous pressure." Just the night before, he and his wife had been awakened several times by telephone calls: "She'd jump up so I could get some sleep, and I jumped up so she could get some rest. Usually, it meant that both of us jumped up at the same time." But for a man ready to preside over the dissolution of the public school system first proposed by Thomas Jefferson in 1770, Lindsay Almond was remarkably relaxed. "I feel very well, thank you," said he. "But



GOVERNOR ALMOND DISCUSSES SCHOOL CLOSING⁴
Living from stoy to stoy.

UPI

I would like to take a stroll in the country, for I love the country."

Deeply Troubled. Virginia's countryside was indeed something to love last week. In the Shenandoah Valley, apples clustered rich and red in Senator Harry Byrd's vast orchards near Berryville. In the famed Tidewater region, haze shimmered blue over sparkling crystal estuaries. In the west, the beech's first gold and the oak's first russet welcomed autumn from the Appalachian crests. In the tangled Wilderness, dusk cast early purple shadows round Lindsay Almond's family farm land.

Yet for all its peaceful beauty, for all its graceful ways, for all Lindsay Almond's relaxed composure, Virginia was deeply, darkly troubled. The trouble lay in the issue of an era, an issue bound to come fittingly, inevitably to clearest focus in Virginia. It was as simple as this: Should Virginia obey the law of the land by allowing Negro children to attend school with whites? Or should Virginia close its public schools, blindly following a legalistic road that might well lead to the violence that Virginia's leaders most deplore? U.S. Senator Harry Byrd, Virginia's benign but absolute political boss, accurately measures the dimensions of Virginia's problem. "We face," he said recently, "the gravest crisis since the War Between the States."

Law v. Politics. That crisis is not only Virginia's or even the South's; it is the nation's. Far more than anything that jackanapes (by Virginia standards) Governor Orval Faubus can do in ragtag (by Virginia standards) Arkansas, Virginia will set the lasting pattern of Southern integration—or defiance. Virginia's Senator Byrd has bitterly recognized that fact: the forces of integration, he said last month, are "working on the theory that if Virginia can be brought to her knees, they can march through the rest of the South singing *Hallelujah*."

In Governor Lindsay Almond, highly skilled lawyer and vote-getting politician, the conflict between republican law and

regional politics as dictated by prejudice comes to bear in a microcosm. Almond is a true son of the Virginia that gave to the U.S. eight Presidents including Washington, Jefferson and Madison, the bone, blood and brain of the republic. He is equally a son of the Virginia that gave to the Confederacy its crimson fields, its grey-clad men, and above all its leaders, who should have known better.

His life intertwines his state's segregation struggle much as the Virginia creeper chokes the mountain forests. As the attorney general who argued Virginia's school cases before the Supreme Court, Lindsay Almond is one of segregation's ablest legal advocates. "Don't you kid yourself," says a longtime Almond adversary, N.A.A.C.P. Special Counsel Thurgood Marshall. "He is a good lawyer." Precisely because he is a good lawyer, Lindsay Almond understands that Virginia, in its "massive resistance" delaying tactics, is merely living from stoy to stoy. Sighed the Governor last week, "We might have to take it between the eyes."

But Politician Almond cannot always afford the judicial view. Sworn to a no-surrender policy against integration, he can fan dangerous emotions with the best of demagogues, warning that the Supreme Court will soon "make it lawful for a Negro to intermarry with a white person," describing civil rights programs as "ribald, unconstitutional, politically designed, cheap and tawdry" or "communistically conceived and sponsored."

Again, as a onetime Lutheran Sunday-school teacher, Almond is genuinely devout. He gets real pleasure out of traveling around with roses, peonies and irises, because "among my flowers I can always feel the presence of deity." He would be horrified if accused of un-Christian prejudice. Yet in fact he springs from the same land and loins as his blood brother, Joseph

Marion Almond, chief of the boiler room at the Bethesda Naval Hospital, who says: "As for inegration [*sic*], you can quote me that I am 100% against it, I never let any nigger come close to me."

Strange Alchemy. But the most important factor about Lindsay Almond's role is that he is the anti-integration straw boss for one of the nation's oldest, most powerful and in many ways most sophisticated political machines, led by Harry Byrd, a symbol of Southern leadership with the capacity and influence for achieving the greatest good—or the greatest evil.

In their strange alchemy, Harry Byrd, Lindsay Almond and the Virginia political organization are the real secret of Virginia's segregation struggle. Far from holding to Jefferson's faith in the good sense of the common people, the Byrd organization is an oligarchy, composed of the few, chosen by the few to make decisions for the many. "Let the laws be enforced by the white people of this country," cries Harry Byrd. He does not mean all the white people—or even most of them. Poll taxes and some of the nation's most restrictive registration laws hold Virginia's vote to the hard core of Byrd followers: never in history have more than 35% of Virginia's adults voted in a presidential election; Lindsay Almond was elected Governor by only 16% of the adult population; in Charlottesville (pop. 30,000), Almond's birthplace, only 466 voted in a 1955 election for the state senate.

Like o Club. In its oligarchic context, the Byrd organization is an alliance of gentlemen, and a gentleman is known more by his philosophy and politics than by his purse or pedigree (gentle-born



Walter Bennett

Boss Byrd
Powered by like-minded gentlemen.

⁴ From left: Attorney General Albert S. Harrison Jr., Assistant Attorney General Kenneth Patten, and Almond, meeting in Richmond with Warren County school board officials.



Richmond Newspapers Inc.

SCHOOLBOY ALMOND (FAR RIGHT) & LOCUST GROVE CLASSMATES
From the same land and loins as an ingenerationist.

Millionaire Byrd* knew hard times as a youth; plain-born Lawyer-Politician Almond is far from wealthy. Almond has described the organization as well as anyone: "It's like a club, except it has no bylaws, constitution or dues. It's a loosely knit association, you might say, between men who share the philosophy of Senator Byrd." Almond need only have added what he himself learned the hard way: that those who deviate from the Byrd philosophy soon cease to be gentlemen by organization standards.

Not as a flunky or errand boy, but as a man who can be trusted to keep Virginia the way Harry Byrd wants to keep it, Lindsay Almond was in full charge of the explosive political program of using legal stratagems to keep Negro children out of white schools.

Little White School. Almond was born in Charlottesville on June 15, 1898, the second of the five children of a Southern Railway locomotive engineer who retired, after a 1901 head-on collision, to his 250-acre family farm in rolling Orange County. There, near the tiny village of Locust Grove on the Chancellorville battlefield, just four miles from the Wilderness thicket where Stonewall Jackson was mortally wounded by his own men, Lindsay Almond grew up. Lindsay did farm chores, worked nights with his mother at the kitchen table, learned to read and write even before he trudged off for the first time to the little white school a mile away.

Not born to the purple, Almond had

to scrimp and save for his education. He worked in a sawmill and a gristmill, plowed a straight furrow, shocked corn and sowed wheat and milked cows, and, with the help of a \$10-a-month scholarship, earned enough to go to the University of Virginia. At that, he had to quit for two years to take a \$125-a-month job as principal of a four-room Orange County school before returning to Charlottesville and graduating, in 1923, from law school.

The Kind Who Goes Places. Settling down to practice in Roanoke, Lindsay Almond soon met a young state senator who was campaigning in 1925 for Governor. "I had admired his career in the state senate," recalls Lindsay Almond, "and I knew that he was the kind of man politically who would go places." Almond determined to go places right along with Harry Flood Byrd.

Almond campaigned for Byrd, who won easily and took over Virginia's political leadership. Byrd's favor took tangible form: in 1930 Almond was appointed assistant prosecuting attorney in Roanoke; two years later he was named to the hustings court bench in Roanoke. There, for 13 years, he held a pivotal place in the patronage-minded Byrd organization; in Virginia, local judges have the power to appoint courthouse officials responsible for as much as 70% of local expenditures. Almond resigned in 1945 to run for the U.S. House of Representatives, won with the Byrd organization's hearty blessing and went off to Washington—but not for long. In 1948 the Virginia general assembly named him to fill an unexpired term as attorney general. He readily traded his \$15,000 House salary for the \$9,366 job as attorney general: he knew he was moving into the direct line of succession to the governorship.

In the Doghouse. Lindsay Almond very nearly messed up his own chances. In 1950 President Harry ("There are too

many Byrds in the Senate") Truman appointed one Martin Hutchinson to the Federal Trade Commission. For years, Hutchinson had been Virginia's leading anti-Byrd Democrat, and Byrd bitterly and successfully fought the confirmation. Almond did not endorse Hutchinson, but he did, in an awesome mental lapse, write a letter describing Hutchinson as honest and able, i.e., a gentleman.

Almond's apostasy put him squarely in Harry Byrd's doghouse, and it was years before he fought his way out. By 1953, when Attorney General Almond ably and eloquently represented Virginia in the school desegregation hearings before the Supreme Court, he was plainly the logical choice to run for Governor. But Byrd pushed him aside in favor of lackluster U.S. Representative Thomas Stanley, a Henry County furniture manufacturer and one of the dullest candidates ever to go before the voting public.

Bumbling and stumbling throughout the campaign, Tom Stanley almost wrecked the Byrd organization. Running against him was State Senator Theodore Roosevelt Dalton, the most attractive Virginia Republican in years. It was only when Ted Dalton made the fatal mistake of endorsing a road bond program that Harry Byrd, longtime champion of pay-as-you-go road building, jumped into the campaign, picked Stanley up and carried him across the line. At that, it was perilously close; in Democratic Virginia, Republican Dalton took 47% of the vote.

Beginning of the Beginning. Many observers saw in the Stanley-Dalton race the beginning of the end for the powerful Byrd organization. But then, on May 17, 1954, came the event that Virginia's politicians knew could be used to give the Byrd organization greater power and strength than it had ever known before: the Supreme Court's historic school desegregation decision.

Mild-mannered Tom Stanley reacted temperately. "This news," he said, "calls for cool heads, calm study and sound judgment." He promised to set up a commission to work toward a plan "in keeping with the edict of the court." Added he: "Views of leaders of both races will be invited." That was the last anyone ever heard of that sort of commission; under heavy pressure from Virginia's Southside politicians, Stanley finally named an all-white group headed by State Senator Garland ("Peck") Gray, a leading Byrdman who was soon describing the Supreme Court's decision as "political and monstrous."

Fatal Flaw. The Gray Commission came up with a plan aimed at starving integration to death. It proposed that 1) local school boards under court integration orders have the option of closing down or integrating (the assumption was that few would care to desegregate), and 2) at the same time the state be permitted to pay private school tuition for all white students who objected to integration or whose schools had been closed. In Europe on Senate business, Harry Byrd received a copy of the Gray Plan by mail from his son Harry Jr. A sincere

* William Byrd I came to Virginia from England in 1672, became a tobacco planter, slave dealer and president of the Colonial Council; William Byrd II (1674-1744) owned Westover plantation, 170,000 acres overlooking the James River; Harry Byrd's father, Richard Evelyn Byrd (1860-1925), was speaker of the Virginia house of delegates and a U.S. district attorney; Harry's brother, the late Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd, was the first man to fly to the North and South Poles.

segregationist, Harry Byrd could also see the political hay to be made out of fighting for a lily-white Virginia. In that sense, the Gray Plan had a fatal flaw: in such liberal cities as Norfolk and Alexandria, local authorities might permit a few Negro children to sit in white classrooms.

But Harry Byrd was much too shrewd to jump out front with objections to the Gray Plan. Before it or any harsher program could be put into effect, a change was required in one section of the Virginia constitution that prohibited the "appropriation of public funds" for "any school or institution of learning not owned or exclusively controlled by the state." On the pretext of support for the Gray Plan with its fatal flaw, the Byrd organization fought hard for a constitutional amendment. Leading the way was Attorney General Lindsay Almond, a stem-winding stump orator, who thundered at Appomattox that defeat of the amendment would "engulf us in the blackness of indescribable chaos . . . A vote for amendment is a vote against government by the N.A.A.C.P. in Virginia."

Massive Resistance. In Virginia's constitutional referendum on Jan. 9, 1956, the amendment carried, 304,154 to 146,164, and the Gray Plan had outlived its usefulness. Poor Governor Stanley, who never quite seemed to get the word, hailed the vote as a "mandate" for the Gray Plan. But Harry Byrd interpreted it as a mandate for something much tougher. He promptly warned the legislature to go slow in enacting the Gray Plan's provisions. In February, Byrd laid down the law with an outright demand for "massive resistance" against any sort of integration. And in July, Byrd met secretly in Washington with top organization lieutenants to chart the course for a massive resistance program that—in the name of states' rights—would rip all authority out of the hands of local communities and arrogate it to Richmond.

Attorney General Almond was not at that meeting, but in the days that followed his office helped draft the legislation of massive resistance. In four weeks, the Virginia general assembly passed 16 school bills. Principal steps in massive resistance:

1) District school boards must refer all Negro applications for white schools to a three-man state pupil-placement board, which can reject them on any basis except color. ("We had to figure out a defense that was based on anything but race," Lindsay Almond once explained. "You see, that would be going against the Supreme Court decision.") The pupil-placement law has already been

swept aside in some federal court districts.

2) When Negroes dispute the placement board's decision in the federal courts, the district school board may be ordered to admit them or face contempt-of-court charges. If that happens, the Governor is required to shut down the school that is involved. Almond need not wait for the Negro children to set foot on the school grounds; he can, as he did last week at Warren County High School in Front Royal, take over as soon as there has been a final, unappealable integration order.

3) When the school is closed, Lindsay Almond must enter into a farcical attempt to reopen it on a "resegregated" basis. In practice, this means that he must try to persuade the Negroes to withdraw voluntarily.

4) When that fails and, for example, a grade school is integrated, then state funds are cut off from all grade schools in that district. If a high school is involved, the cutoff applies to all high schools in the district. At the same time, state tuition grants will be given to white children for private schools.

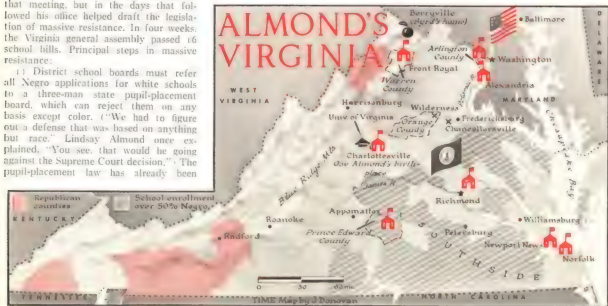
Back in the Byrdhouse. Clearly, massive resistance placed the governor right in the middle—and that was where Lindsay Almond wanted to be. He had worked hard to regain his privileged standing in the Byrdhouse, but just in case his one deviation was still held against him, he announced for Governor in November 1956 without consulting Harry Byrd ahead of time. Whatever his private feelings may have been, Harry Byrd recognized Almond as a hot vote getter—and formidable Republican Ted Dalton was again running for Governor.

With the Byrd organization's enthusiastic segregationist backing, Lindsay Almond let out all stops. Negroes, he cried, were "threatening government by N.A.A.C.P. in Virginia by the cold steel of federal bayonets, and we will have none of it." Ted Dalton, urging a

system of limited integration, never really had a chance. And the dispatch of federal troops to Little Rock ruined him completely. Lindsay Almond was elected Governor of Virginia by a vote of 326,921 to 188,628—and the Byrd organization, playing fast and loose with segregationist emotions, was more firmly entrenched in power than ever.

Daily Deterioration. Governor Lindsay Almond remains much too good a lawyer to believe that Virginia's massive resistance laws will hold water in court. The school-closing law, for one, still flies squarely in the teeth of a passage of Virginia's constitution that requires the general assembly to "establish and maintain an efficient system of public free schools" (Lawyer Almond can hardly place much stock in the lame explanation that integrated schools are not "efficient"). But Politician Almond is in much too deep to back out, and as the focal figure in enforcing massive resistance, he has recently seen his position deteriorate almost daily.

A man given to regular hours, Lindsay Almond ate breakfast one recent morning with his handsome wife Josephine (the Almonds have no children but have raised Mrs. Almond's nephew) in a little room overlooking the gardens of his executive mansion. At 8:55 he walked from the mansion to his Capitol office, eating up the short distance with strides of his long, thin legs (heavy in his upper body, Almond stands 6 ft., weighs 202 lbs.). Talking to newsmen that day, Almond seemed almost resigned to the future. "What," he asked, "can you do in the face of overwhelming power?" Massive resistance meant resistance "by all lawful and honorable means . . . This is a government of laws, not men, and the court decisions made *ultra vires* are not the law of the land." Yet when the showdown comes, Virginia has little choice but to submit. "This state can't secede from



the Union," said Lindsay Almond. "Virginia has no desire for it."

To Virginia's rabid segregationists, their emotions whipped up by the sort of stump speeches at which Politician Almond excels, Lawyer Almond's talk sounded dangerously soft. That night the phone began ringing in the mansion (Almond is one of the few U.S. Governors with a listed number). Under heavy pressure, Lindsay Almond hastily wrote letters urging Virginia school boards to refuse, even when under court orders, to assign Negro children to white schools. Politician Almond was taking a position that even he admitted "the courts might think is eyewash."

Last week Virginia's gravest crisis moved toward its climax. One after another, federal courts struck at massive resistance. Almond no longer talked so much in the lofty terms of the law. Informed that Circuit Court of Appeals Judge Simon Sobeloff had denied Warren County's plea for an integration stay, Almond held a waspish press conference. Later, walking to his mansion, he bitterly recalled how Sobeloff, then U.S. Solicitor General, and "his assistant, N.A.A.C.P. Counsel Thurgood Marshall," had argued on the same side in the original school desegregation cases. "We," said Almond, referring to the segregation lawyers, "were like bastards at a family reunion."

Next night Almond called a special press conference to announce that he was taking full control of the Warren County school district—and its closed high school. He thereby interposed himself, with his legal privileges as Governor of a sovereign state, between the school board and the Federal Government. That action would

be tested in the courts. So would all the other laws of massive resistance. Politician Almond, who would dearly love to step into Harry Byrd's shoes, would fight with all his considerable skills to keep the Commonwealth of Virginia the way the Byrd machine wants it. The national tragedy is that the 66th Governor of the Commonwealth, at a time when the nation needs the type of enlightened leadership that is its due from Virginia, declines to step into the shoes of such Virginians as Washington, Jefferson and Madison, the builders of the Union.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Clear Line

The President of the U.S. last week told the Communist world that the U.S. would fight before it would see the Chinese Communists seize Quemoy. He told restive free world allies that, with or without them, the U.S. was determined to stand against the kind of appeasement that led down the road to World War II. And inferentially, he warned the U.S. not to be surprised to find the Armed Forces fighting to defend Quemoy—not for the rocky real estate but for the principle that armed force shall not be used for aggressive purposes. "I know something about . . . war," said Dwight Eisenhower, in a nationwide radio-TV speech, and he predicted an inevitable tragedy "if the peace-loving democratic nations again fearfully practice a policy of standing idly by while big aggressors use armed force to conquer the small and the weak."

Once the Communists turned from their Quemoy bombardment guns to the

bargaining table, the President said, the U.S. would be ready and willing to negotiate toward "a solution that could be acceptable to all parties concerned, including, of course, our ally, the Republic of China."

Confusion Compounded. Early in the week intelligence reports to the vacation White House in Newport, R.I., convinced the President that it was time to make the U.S. position unmistakably clear. U.S. Navy destroyers were escorting Nationalist supply ships to the three-mile limit off Quemoy, but the Nationalists were being clobbered on the beaches (see *FOREIGN NEWS*) by Communist artillery. It was not impossible that a U.S. ship would be hit, since one obvious Chicom aim was to provoke the U.S. into aggressive-looking acts. (The Reds even sent out false directional signals in hopes of luring American planes over the mainland where, shot down, they would look like attackers.) Russian Premier Nikita Khrushchev, rattling the Moscow end of the Communist axis, threatened in another propaganda letter to Eisenhower that U.S. ships "can serve as targets for the right types of rockets." (The President patiently wrote back a request that Khrushchev talk sense, not waste time on "upside-down presentation," and help cool down the dangerously aggressive Red Chinese.)

To Fight Confusion. Meanwhile some home-front pundits and commentators had done a good job of confusing the issues. State Department correspondents gave Secretary of State John Foster Dulles such a querulous needling on U.S.-Formosa policy that he telephoned the President to urge that the basic principles be laid down in a presidential speech.

THE ISSUE: NOT QUEMOY BUT AGGRESSION

Excerpts from the President's speech:

THE world is again faced with the problem of armed aggression. Powerful dictatorships are attacking an exposed but free area . . .

It is as certain as can be that the shooting which the Chinese Communists started on August 23 had as its purpose not just the taking of the island of Quemoy. It is part of what is indeed an ambitious plan of armed conquest.

This plan would liquidate all of the free-world positions in the western Pacific area and bring them under captive governments which would be hostile to the U.S. and to the free world. Thus the Chinese and Russian Communists would come to dominate at least the western half of the now friendly Pacific Ocean . . .

The U.S. cannot accept the result that the Communists seek. Neither can we show, now, a weakness of purpose—a timidity—which would surely lead them to move more aggressively against us and our friends in the western Pacific area.

If the Chinese Communists have decided to risk a war, it is not because Quemoy itself is so valuable to them. They have been getting along without Quemoy ever since they seized the China mainland nine years ago.

If they have now decided to risk a war, it can only be because they, and their Soviet allies, have decided to find

out whether threatening war is a policy from which they can make big gains.

If that is their decision, then a western Pacific Munich would not buy us peace or security. It would encourage the aggressors. It would dismay our friends and allies there. If history teaches anything, appeasement would make it more likely that we should have to fight a major war.

Some misguided persons have said that Quemoy is nothing to become excited about. They said the same about South Korea, about Viet Nam, about Lebanon.

I assure you that no American boy would ever be asked by me to fight just for Quemoy. But those who make up our armed forces—and I believe the American people as a whole—do stand ready to defend the principle that armed force shall not be used for aggressive purposes.

Upon observance of that principle depends a lasting and just peace. It is that same principle that protects the western Pacific free-world positions as well as the security of our homeland. If we are not ready to defend this principle, then indeed tragedy after tragedy would befall us.

The present situation, though serious, is by no means desperate or hopeless. There is not going to be any appeasement. I believe there is not going to be any war.

But there must be sober realization by the American people that our legitimate purposes are again being tested by those who threaten peace and freedom everywhere.

The confusion was compounded by an erroneous report in the New York Times that the Commander-in-Chief of U.S. Pacific forces, Admiral Harry D. Felt, had questioned the Quemoy policy for such unlikely reasons as an alleged ammunition shortage that would inspire, the story said, the fleet to early use of nuclear warheads. (The fact was that Felt cabled heavy support for the policy shortly after he was first asked to comment three weeks ago, felt his force suitable to the job.) The President's mail reflected public apprehension, and he decided to fight the confusion with his major address.

Terms for Negotiation

Though his hard warnings got and deserved the headlines, the President made pleas for peaceful negotiation his first and last points. "Traditionally this country and its Government have always been passionately devoted to peace with honor," said he. Later, he spoke hopefully of the meetings in Warsaw, where U.S. Ambassador Jacob Beam was preparing for Quemoy negotiations with Red Chinese Ambassador Wang Ping-nan this week. If the bilateral talks fail, said Eisenhower, "there is still the hope that the United Nations could exert a peaceful influence."

Washington was obviously ready to negotiate, but it wanted the world to know what the terms would be.

"The U.S. would never be a party to any turnover of Quemoy and Matsu to the Chinese Communists," a top State Department official told a TIME correspondent last week. "But short of that, there are steps that would be taken to remove the 'thorn in the side of peace,' as the President mentioned—removing the provocations." Possible basis for discussion: neutralization of Quemoy and Matsu (see FOREIGN NEWS).

"The big problem," the policymaker continued, "is that there has been a let-down all over the world. It's a question whether the world has got back into the Munich mood, and the American people too. That's the big issue—whether the world is aroused enough to take a stand. That's what the Chinese and Soviets are taking advantage of. That's the big issue, not Quemoy and Matsu. In the last four years there has been a very marked growth in the quality of appeasement, the idea of not getting involved in other people's fights. It is almost true that the U.S. is the only nation in the world today that is not in that mood."

The Great Mistake

"The great trouble is that people do not always understand the United States," said Admiral Arthur Radford, retired chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, of the Quemoy crisis last week. "Within my lifetime there have been three occasions when the enemy got the impression from the press we were so divided that we could not get together. The Germans got that impression in World War I, and the Germans and Japanese got it in World War II, and the Communists got it in Korea. They were mistaken."

ELECTIONS

Gain in Maine

"Payne of Maine," parodied Pine Tree State Democrats on the eve of last week's early-bird election, "is mainly on the wane." But not even Democrats, as the results rolled in, were prepared for the size of their gain. Not only did Frederick G. Payne lose, as expected, to lanky (6 ft. 4 in., 185 lbs.) how-tied Governor Edmund Sixtus Muskie, 44, the golden boy of Maine politics; Muskie, as the state's first popularly elected Democratic Senator, got double the plurality that he expected. And a train of Maine Democrats followed Muskie into power. Items: ¶ Second District Democrat Frank M.

the ill will last spring when he called a special legislative session, proposed to extend recession-ridden Maine's unemployment aid or accept federal help, was turned down by G.O.P. legislators. Just three days before election, President Eisenhower vetoed the Payne-sponsored bill to provide federal funds for depressed areas. Another economic factor: the 57,000-member A.F.L.-C.I.O. poured \$40,000 into the campaign on behalf of Democratic candidates, takes credit for electing Oliver and Clauson.

Payne, for his part, was badly hurt in the eyes of Maine's rural Republicans because he never satisfactorily explained a \$3,500 loan made to him six years ago by Bernard Goldfine (TIME, July 21), on



THE MUSKIES (BACKGROUND) & THE CLAUSONS
Goldfine's beneficence helped a golden boy.

Coffin, 39, handily won re-election to Congress as predicted.

¶ In the downstate First District, James C. ("Big Jim") Oliver, 63, a one-time G.O.P. isolationist, Coughlinite and Townsendite turned Democrat, defeated eight-term Republican Robert Hale by 3,000 votes to give Democrats two of Maine's three congressional seats. (Hale had squeaked by with only 111 votes in 1956.)

¶ Ex-chiropractor Clinton A. ("Doc") Clauson, 63, Waterville fuel-oil dealer and onetime mayor, defeated onetime (1945-49) Republican Governor Horace Hildreth, 55, former U.S. Ambassador to Pakistan, by a respectable 10,600 votes.

¶ Democrats gained twelve seats in the state legislature (still Republican controlled).

The man who beat Payne, handshaking, backslapping Ed Muskie, a Roman Catholic and father of three (a fourth is due in December), is the best campaigner on the Maine scene in many a year; even Republicans admit that he has been the most effective Governor in the last 50 years. He got the credit and Republicans

which he had neither repaid principal nor been charged interest. Democrats eagerly refused to exploit the Goldfine connection publicly, but talked it up privately, managed thereby to set up an issue that Fred Payne could never effectively rebut. Maine politics estimate that the malodorous Goldfine affair prompted 20,000 Republican steadies to stay home from the polls, provided the margin that let the Democrats win the governorship.

Casting a hazy eye at the results, Maine's surviving G.O.P. senator Margaret Chase Smith, whose vote margin dropped 12% in 1954, said: "We took a shellacking." Added Presidential Press Secretary Jim Hagerty: "The President views it as I do. We took a beating."

THE ADMINISTRATION So Long, Sperm

"As Maine goes, so goes Adams," quipped political funsters last week. And Republican National Chairman Meade Alcorn's telephone jangled with morning-after calls demanding that it better be soon. California's Bill Knowland, running

hard, but behind, for Governor, said Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams should resign "immediately." New York Senate Candidate Kenneth Keating added "and for the good of the country." Meantime Arizona's Barry Goldwater, running for a second Senate term: "The harm has already been done."

Three months ago Ike had met a similar barrage with his now-famed "I need him." But last week an aide at the Summer White House in Newport said: "Nobody knows right now if Adams is leaving, because we can't look into the man's head. The President has done more worrying about this than almost any other matter lately. We don't believe that Adams did anything dishonest at all, but everybody thinks he was silly." Translation: pretty soon someone would look into Sherman Adams' head.

PRIMARIES

Scattered Straws

Even though Maine left them grasping for straws, Republicans found precious few to grasp in the primary election winds that blew in eleven states last week.

In **Arizona**, Democrat Ernest McFarland, bumped out of the U.S. Senate by Republican Tenderfoot Barry Goldwater in 1952, leaped from Arizona's governorship to the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senator by 104,000 to 39,000 over weak opposition—a show of strength that for the first time rated him a chance to beat Goldwater in November.

In **Minnesota**, stirred by a lively competition between onetime Governor Hjalmar Peterson and Representative Eugene McCarthy for the senatorial nomination, Democrats moved pollwads in impressive hordes, handed McCarthy a rousing majority of 176,000—and some 40,000 more votes than Republican Incumbent Edward Thye rang up in his race for the Republican nomination against two little-known competitors. Consensus for November: Thye will have to hustle to keep his seat. Neither the wraithlike opposition of Marvin A. Evenson, a Moorhead businessman, nor the wrath of her husband Andy, who cried bitterly and vainly for Representative Coya Knutson to come home last May (TIME, May 19), deterred Minnesota's Ninth Congressional District (15 northwest counties) from handing hand-talking Coya another chance—her third—to keep her Democratic seat in the lower House.

In **Utah**, Incumbent Republican Senator Arthur V. Watkins, 71, easily won renomination over a political nobody, but now faces double trouble. By starting early, indefatigably stumping the state from one end to the other, Salt Lake County Attorney Frank E. Moss, 47, won the Democratic nomination by an unexpectedly heavy vote (total Democratic vote was 5,000 greater than total Republican). And waiting in the wings until November is ex-Governor J. Bracken Lee, Diehard Republican Lee, running as an independent, is not expected to win—but might siphon off enough Republican votes to let Democrat Moss sneak through.

In **Washington's** seven congressional districts (six of them Republican), Democrats outpolled Republicans by more than 20%—in a state where Democrats historically do better in the general election than in the primary. Shiniest Republican statewide hopeful: Newcomer William B. Bantz, 40, burly, personable former U.S. district attorney from Spokane, his party's nominee to unhorse Democrat Senator Henry M. Jackson. Big Bill campaigned hard for regulation of labor unions ("My stand on labor bosses is damn popular"), polled 136,000 votes, about 100,000 more than anyone expected him to get, set starved Washington Republicans hollering that Bill Bantz was their white hope for the future. But it



NOMINEE KNUTSON
For G.O.P. grasps, few straws.

looks like a distant future: "Scoop" Jackson, running against admittedly feeble party competition, took every county, grossed 320,000 votes.

In **Wisconsin**, Democrats for the first time bagged more primary votes than Republicans—50.2% of the total—largely because Republican voters, offered nothing but one-man no-contests, stayed home in droves. In the Senate race, Democrat William Proxmire was easily renominated against indifferent opposition, but Republicans hope to recapture his seat in November with popular Wauwatosa Judge Roland J. Steinle, the Republican nominee who ran unopposed, pulled 5,000 more votes than unpopular Democrat Proxmire.

In **Massachusetts**, onetime state House Speaker Charles Gibbons, a write-in candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor (to replace Attorney General George Fingold, who died of a heart attack two weeks ago), won it handily. But Gibbons' chances against Democratic Governor Foster Furcolo seem remote. Republican chances to dislodge presidential-minded U.S. Senator John F. Kennedy with hapless Political Patsy Vincent J. Celeste, Boston attorney: less than nil.

REPUBLICANS

Bull Mooser

Among the Maryland delegates introduced to Candidate Dwight Eisenhower at the 1952 G.O.P. convention was Johns Hopkins University Professor Malcolm Moos. "Professor of what?" asked Ike, shaking hands. "Political science," responded boons (15 ft., 10 in., 130 lbs.), "Mac" Moos. "Well," said Ike, "I am going to be one of your first students." Last week the student hired the professor as chief presidential speechwriter.

The son of a onetime Minnesota Republican state chairman who revered Teddy Roosevelt, Mac Moos, 42, lightly labels himself "a full-blooded Bull Moose Republican," is an energetic mixture of egghead author and practical politician. While writing a history of the Republican Party, he worked up to Republican Party chief in Baltimore, later helped out the White House speechwriting team on a part-time basis. In one sense, he has a running start on Eisenhower as far as the 1958 congressional campaign is concerned; the principal point of his *Politics, Presidents and Coalitions*, published in 1952, was that a President cannot easily transfer his popularity to congressional candidates. Proved by sad experience, it is Pupil Eisenhower's campaign problem No. 1 in 1958.

DEMOCRATS

The Know-Nothing Revolt?

Are the Democrats, apparently riding the crest of the wave, headed for blind disaster on some still-distant shore? One Democrat who thinks so is Harvard Historian Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., brain-truster and speechwriter for Adlai Stevenson through two campaigns. Modern Democratic bosses are deliberately ignoring a treasure of intellectual-liberal candidates in favor of "mediocre party hacks," Schlesinger writes in the *New Republic*. Case in point: Tammany's passing over of onetime Secretary of the Air Force Thomas K. Finletter in New York to hand the U.S. Senate nomination to District Attorney Frank Hogan, who "has hardly voiced a public thought on a national issue in half a century."

In such choices, Schlesinger reads a "revolt of the low-level professional within the party organization against the New Deal and post-New Deal leadership. . . . Anti-eggheadism is certainly part of the story. Another part of the story is an anti-ivy League feeling which has been rankling for many years in the murky lower depths of the Democratic Party in the Northeast."

The aim of this "Know-Nothing revolt," writes Schlesinger, "is to wipe out the transformation wrought in the Democratic Party by Franklin Roosevelt and the New Deal and to recreate something like the Democratic Party of the twenties." Today's Democratic leaders "forget that the Democratic Party has been nationally successful only as a great coalition in which intellectuals play a central role." forget also that "the great

natural resource of the Democratic Party is brains."

Concludes Schlesinger: "A party which seeks to qualify itself for responsibility in an age of national and international crisis is not well advised to begin to do so by blowing out its own brains."

DEFENSE

F.O.B. Canaveral

Installed in Britain last week: the first of 60 Thor 1,500-mile missiles that the U.S. last February promised its important island ally. Battered placidly in the belly of a Douglas C-133 transport, the ballistic bird was flown secretly to the U.S. Air Force base at Lakenheath, England, was greeted unenthusiastically by the British press—mirroring an anti-missile feeling among both Labor and Conservative leaders, who fear an all-out commitment to missile defense. Fitted out with a thermonuclear warhead (which stays in U.S. hands), Thor can blast from British soil 15 minutes after the first alert, minutes later impact hundreds of miles inside Russia. Reliability, now an acceptable 30%, will be increased in later arrivals. Estimated date of readiness of Britain's first Thor squadron: December.

THE BUDGET

Elementary Arithmetic

The problem of keeping the Federal Government within its budget is as complicated as the Einstein theory plus *Parkinson's Law*. But the simple arithmetic that Budget Director Maurice Stans put on the public blackboard last week showed that the problem is getting well out of hand. The fiscal year is only 2½ months old, but the budget is already in the red:

	BUDGET	ESTIMATED
Income	\$74.4 billion	\$67 billion
Spending	\$73.9 billion	\$79.2 billion
	\$ 5 billion	\$12.2 billion

Estimated revenues are falling short of the budgeted total of \$74.4 billion, mostly because of the recession. Principal items are off like this:

Income taxes	\$2.5 billion
Corporation taxes	\$3.7 billion
Excise taxes	\$.9 billion
Customs, etc.	\$.3 billion
Total shortfall	\$7.4 billion

Expenses are up from the budgeted \$73.9 billion to an unexpected \$79.2 billion, with increases such as this:

Farm program	\$1.9 billion
Housing programs	\$1 billion
Post Office	\$6 billion
Unemployment	\$5 billion
Defense	\$5 billion
Other domestic programs	\$8 billion
Total overspending	\$5.3 billion

There was something else about Budget Director Stans's report that any school-boy could plainly see: the biggest unexpected increase in spending came not in defense, or even in fighting the recession; it came in the scandalous, runaway farm subsidy payments that raised the agriculture budget for the current prosperous farm year to an outrageous \$6.9 billion.

LABOR

The Mouthpiece

Files and folders tucked in his arm, Detroit Labor Lawyer George S. (for Stephen) Fitzgerald, 56, strolled into the McClellan committee's high-ceilinged hearing room last week, as he has most days since the committee began to grill Teamster President James Riddle Hoffa and half a dozen Fitzgerald-represented Hoffa lieutenants. But this time the beef-faced, bulge-bellied harrister plopped himself not in the customary attorney's seat but in the red-leathered witness chair. For two days Witness Fitzgerald (without counsel) angrily denied that he had been furtive or unethical in carrying out some-



Walter Connell

TEAMSTER ATTORNEY FITZGERALD
For atmosphere, nine cows and a bull.

times strange assignments for which the Teamsters paid him \$170,000 in five years.

Lawyer Fitzgerald was worth questioning in his own right, but he was also on the spot because the McClellan committee has grown more and more curious about the small army of legal eagles who defend, protect, advise and counsel the Teamsters. In all they total 120—so many that they even have an organization of their own: the National Conference of Teamster Lawyers, which meets periodically, discusses such items as the legal ramifications of hot cargoes, NLRB decisions, right-to-work laws and at its latest session last month in California a timely new topic: "Hints to the union attorney relating to legislative investigations of the labor union and its officers."

Handymen to the Hungry. Conference members work hard for their pay, are topnotch labor-relations experts and, for the most part, community pillars. Conference Chairman Clarence Beck of Salt Lake City, no kin to deposed Teamster Boss Dave Beck of Seattle, is a Mayflower descendant and Son of the American Revolution. But an important few serve as Teamster policymakers and handy-

men to power-hungry bosses. Examples: ¶ Milwaukee's David Previant, 47, framed Teamster constitutions that sapped power from local unions and centralized it in conferences and national offices.

¶ Seattle's Sam Bassett, 61, a quarter-century Beck intimate, arranged secret Teamster loans to truckers, joined Teamster officials in borrowing union funds to make a killing on Campbell Soup stock.

¶ Wichita's Payne Ratner, 61, onetime Republican Governor of Kansas now in trouble with the McClellan committee (TIME, Aug. 25), used his political contacts with considerable skill to head off a House Labor Subcommittee investigation of Jimmy Hoffa in 1953.

Watch the Watchers. No lawyer has done more yeoman service for Hoffa than George Fitzgerald, an onetime Wayne County (Detroit) crime-busting prosecutor, onetime Michigan Democratic national committeeman, onetime defeated candidate for lieutenant governor (who got a \$43,000 Teamster donation to his campaign chest). When the Internal Revenue Service bird-dugged Hoffa's tax returns, Fitzgerald suggested that Jimmy's accountant "get rid of" Hoffa's net-worth statement. When a Washington jury panel was called for Hoffa's bribery trial (TIME, July 20, 1957), Fitzgerald hired an investigator to investigate the jurors. Similarly, while the McClellan committee checked on Hoffa, Fitzgerald hired a private eye to ogle three committee investigators. Finally, when a federal judge was rumored ready to freeze assets of two Teamster locals, Fitzgerald had \$25,000 withdrawn from each local's bank account and held in ready cash "to operate, and pay any attorney's fees."

Then there was the \$1,000,000 loan he arranged from the Michigan Conference of Teamsters Welfare Fund to a real-estate company developing 1,270 acres in Flint, Fitzgerald, according to earlier testimony, pocketed a \$15,750 "finder's fee" for arranging the loan. A title and guarantee officer supervising the funds in escrow said Fitzgerald rearranged the escrow agreement to allow some of the money to be used for curious purposes, e.g., the purchase of a bull and nine cows to give the Flint development a rural atmosphere.

Fitzgerald angrily insisted his \$15,750 was a legal fee, said he had worked hard for it, but admitted that he neglected to notice when the loan was made that the real-estate firm had more liabilities than assets. Informed that the shaky company has stopped building houses on the property, and the Teamsters are foreclosing their loan, John McClellan did rapid arithmetic, reckoned the welfare fund was out \$700,000. Seemingly unconcerned, George Fitzgerald rosiely predicted the land would make a handsome profit, despite the fact that the State Health Department refuses to approve its water facilities. The hearing over, he climbed from the witness chair to prepare for a return appearance this week in his old role as counsel. Fitzgerald's client of the week: Old Pal James Riddle Hoffa, who once informed his buddy: "You're only my mouthpiece, I'll tell you when to talk."

FOREIGN NEWS

FORMOSA

Rough Week in the Strait

For the 100,000 Nationalist soldiers dug into the sandy soil of Quemoy Island, it was a grim week. While U.S. destroyers watched helplessly from outside the three-mile limit, Communist guns raked Quemoy's yellow beaches, effectively preventing Nationalist transports from replenish-

ing. But each time, as if pulled by invisible strings, the blips finally scoot back inland. The U.S. seems to have called the Reds' hand. No Communist gun has fired on Quemoy for three days.

Monday—The second convoy arrives. Four U.S. destroyers hover three miles offshore. Two LSMs reach the beach and begin unloading. Suddenly, at 1:33 p.m., the beach erupts in geysers of sand and

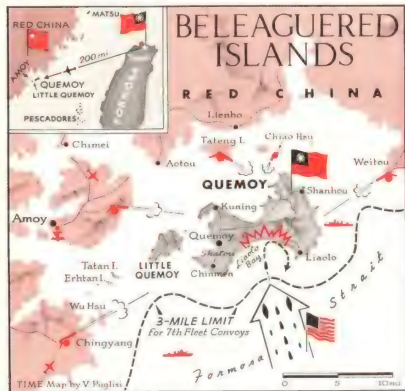
voy. From the convoy leader, U.S.S. *Gregory*, *TIME* & *LIFE*'s Scot Leavitt reports: By 3 p.m. Destroyer Squadron 17 is in position off Quemoy, three of its ships 15 miles offshore, and *Gregory* just over three. "I don't think they dare come near us," says *Gregory*'s skipper, Commander Felix G. Young, who has served in destroyers for 17 of his 27 years in the Navy. "But I've been shot at by Germans and Italians and Japanese and Russians and Chinese Communists before. If we get into a scrap, they won't be getting any virgin."

The LSMs push on toward the island, at 3:30 report that two of their number had beached. In fact, the two lead LSMs are not on the beach but on a sand bar, 20 yds. of neck-deep water from shore. One of them drops its ramp, and an amphibious duck scurries out onto the beach. After a protracted argument between the LSM's captain and the troop commander—"If you're so brave, why don't you take your damn ship closer to shore?"—50 Nationalist replacement troops struggle ashore through the swirling surf. Then a Communist shell smacks into the water close to the port bow. Within ten seconds, high explosives are whistling in at the rate of 10,000 an hour. In frantic haste, the two beached LSMs back off the sand bar. Miraculously, neither is badly hit. Twenty minutes later, all four Nationalist transports of convoy No. 3 are out of Communist range and on their way back to the Pescadores.

Aboard *Gregory*, Squadron 17's commander swears softly. "I'll tell you one damn thing," he says, "those Chinese have guts. I'd hate to have to go into that beach knowing what was coming." Beside him, on the bridge a Nationalist liaison officer, Lieut. M. S. Liu, silently watches the flight of the LSMs. "Does this mean the end of Quemoy?" someone asks him. "No, no," he says quietly. "Not so, not so."

Friday—Nationalist frogmen begin clearing away coastal mines and underwater spikes to open a new Quemoy landing beach sheltered by a sheer, 50-ft. cliff. At Makung naval base in the Pescadores, Admiral Smoot holds a strategy session with a tight-lipped Chiang Kai-shek. In three tries, U.S.-escorted cargoes have so far unloaded 300 tons of supplies, one amphibious duck, 50 Nationalist soldiers, one U.S. Marine attached to the Military Assistance Advisory Group, Nationalist Chief of the General Staff Wang Shu-ming ("Tiger" Wang), asked how Chiang feels about the convoy operations, shakes his head and says, "Not happy, not happy." To the same question, a U.S. destroyer officer replies: "But it this way—I'd hate to get paid by the ton delivered."

Saturday—The fourth convoy tries—this time under the cover of pre-dawn darkness. But Communist guns have been zeroed in. At 5:10 a.m. they begin a



ing the island's dwindling stocks of food, ammunition and medicine. Over the horizon, almost lost in the haze covering Formosa Strait, prowled Task Force 77 of the Seventh Fleet—the Sunday punch which the U.S. was holding back as long as the Communists refrained from all-out attack.

Sunday, Sept. 7—The U.S. undertakes to escort Nationalist supply ships to Quemoy. In broad daylight, two U.S. heavy cruisers and six destroyers wheel up to within three miles of Quemoy in a defiant challenge to the Red Chinese. Red torpedo boats, which had broken up Nationalist convoys, are nowhere in sight. From the bridge of the cruiser *Helena*, the Seventh Fleet's Vice Admiral Roland Wallace Beakley watches grimly as two Nationalist LSMs unload 300 tons of ammunition and other supplies on Shatou Beach. Nothing happens. Several times U.S. radar-men see blips easing out toward the convoy from Red jet bases on the main-

land. One LSM, loaded with ammunition, is hit and explodes. The other hastily backs off without unloading.

Tuesday & Wednesday—Pleading bad weather, U.S. and Nationalist naval commands temporarily call off the convoys to consider new tactics. The Communist barrage has become steady, making beach and airfield almost unusable. In desperation, the Nationalists airdrop small quantities of medical supplies to Quemoy's garrison. Admiral Beakley comes ashore to consider with Taiwan Defense Command's Vice Admiral Smoot "what to do now." Beakley admits: "We are back right where we started before we began convoying. They called our hand when they shelled the beach and got that LSM. The Chicom's guns can and will blast anything on the beach until they are taken out. We could take them out and so could the Nationalists. But the decision to do so is a grave one and not for military men."

Thursday—The U.S. tries a third con-



U.S.-NATIONALIST CONVOY FORMING OFF THE PESCADORES
"I'd hate to get paid by the ton delivered."

John Dominis—Life

saturation barrage. After facing the bombardment for 23 minutes, the four LSMs flee with all but a smattering of their cargo still unloaded. At 4 p.m., the same four LSMs try it again. Same result. By this time the air is full of recrimination. Major General Kao Yin-fen, deputy commander of the Quemoy garrison, bitterly declares that so far the convoys "have subjected our troops to damage instead of giving them support," argues that the Seventh Fleet should sail in and shell the Communist artillery bombarding Quemoy. U.S. naval men reply that naval gunfire is of limited effectiveness against well dug-in shore batteries, charge that Nationalist transports are inexorably slow and sloppy in their off-loading.

Sunday—The fifth convoy tries again

in daylight—and succeeds. Under heavy Communist fire, a Nationalist LST puts ashore 17 amphibious ducks before fragmentation from near misses snaps the cable controlling her forward ramp doors and holt her sides. She is towed back to Formosa. In U.S. headquarters in Formosa, gloom remains heavy. Says one senior officer: "Even if we can improve landing methods and Communist artillery fire doesn't increase, we can't get ashore more than 80% of what's needed."

Facts & a Symbol

Out of the tumult and shouting in the Formosa Strait last week, two facts came clear. One was that the U.S. and Nationalist China could not assure the supply of beleaguered Quemoy without massive ar-

rial bombardment of Red artillery positions on the Chinese mainland. The other was that, for all their bluster, the Chinese Communists could not hope to capture Quemoy by direct assault in the teeth of the U.S. Seventh Fleet.

For propaganda purposes, the rulers of the Communist world chose to overlook the reality of this standoff. Each time units of the Seventh Fleet ventured within Red China's self-proclaimed twelve-mile limit (TIME, Sept. 15), Peking issued a "serious warning." (By week's end Red China's Foreign Ministry was up to "the fifth serious warning.") In a wave of synthetic fury unmatched since Korean war days, millions of Chinese—205 million by Peking's count—docilely turned out to demonstrate against "U.S. armed

THE TENSE TIGER

The real deterrent to the Reds' threatened attack on the offshore islands was out of sight of the beaches and almost out of the news. More than 200 miles from Quemoy, Rear Admiral Ralph Sperry Clarke's Task Force 77 surged along at better than 25 knots, its awesome power untapped but faintly alert if word should come to unleash it. From Clarke's flagship, TIME Correspondent James Bell cabled:

LIKE a tiger on the scent, Task Force 77 stalked around the island of Formosa. Spread out across the glittering sea were 17 ships deployed around the strike carriers *Midway* and *Lexington*. Ahead and on the flank prowled four destroyers, listening for sonar pings. Off to port, screened by six more destroyers, was the carrier *Princeton*, an antisubmarine hunter-killer. Far to the west, 1,000 m.p.h. FSUs swept along the China coast, their sidewinder missiles inscribed with obscene messages to the Communists. "We make lots of big radar blips," said one of *Midway's* pilots.

Aboard *Midway* there was a tenseness I didn't feel when

I last visited Task Force 77 a year ago. Not only were her pilots flying within jet-age spitting distance of Red Chinese airfields, but *Midway* was having a run of hard luck. One F3H squadron had lost two pilots and three planes in accidents within the week. The day I joined Force 77 the squadron's skipper, Commander Walter Heider of Coronado, Calif., died when his throttle apparently stuck after landing and his plane plunged overboard out of control.

So far 77's planes are flying armed only with conventional weapons. "We are not flying loaded for bear, but for rabbit," said one pilot wryly. But on the deck of each of her carriers, right over the "special weapons" bay, stands a single A3D bomber. An armed marine guard stands by to keep inquisitive seamen at a distance. Should the signal come from Washington, the deck beneath the A3D would open, and up would come an elevator to tuck into the plane's belly a nuclear bomb capable of reducing all Peking and its masters to radioactive dust.

With a grim, Lieut. Don Fraasa of Cincinnati extracted a small Stars and Stripes from the sleeve pocket of his flight suit. "We show the flag," he said. "Hope it scares them."



AMBASSADOR BEAM
To close the gap.

UPI

provocations." Describing U.S. military bases abroad as "a noose around the neck of American imperialism," moonfaced Chairman Mao Tse-tung vaingloriously declared: "Nobody but the Americans themselves made these nooses, put them around their own necks and handed one end of the rope to the Chinese people."

Russia's Nikita Khrushchev fired off a tough-talking note to Dwight Eisenhower. He derided the Seventh Fleet ("In the age of nuclear and rocket weapons . . . these once formidable warships are fit for nothing but courtesy visits and gun salutes . . ."), and warned: "An attack on the People's Republic of China . . . is an attack on the Soviet Union." Ominous as this sounded, it did not escape the attention of the world's statesmen—presumably including Mao—that Khrushchev had chosen to make his gesture of solidarity with Red China only after Washington and Peking had both indicated their willingness to reopen talks in Warsaw.

Notably Noncommittal. U.S. allies, most of whom privately think the islands should have been relinquished to Red China long ago, were notably noncommittal. Harold Macmillan, caught in a journalistic trap (see Great Britain), felt obliged to state publicly: "Our American allies have neither sought nor received promises of military support from us in the Formosa area." On the Continent, France's De Gaulle and West Germany's Adenauer both maintained a disapproving silence. In Australia Prime Minister Robert Gordon Menzies, usually a staunch advocate of a united Western front, declared that his government had "no specific policy" on the offshore islands.

When Dwight Eisenhower proclaimed

his tough "no appeasement" principle (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), most NATO and SEATO members dutifully applauded. But the heartfelt cheers came when Ike reiterated U.S. willingness to negotiate, and the State Department announced that U.S. Ambassador Jacob Beam and Red China's urbane Wang Ping-nan would meet in Warsaw's 18th century Myslewski Palace at the beginning of this week.

Bitter Tea. The Warsaw talks were nothing new. Despite U.S. nonrecognition of Peking, U.S. and Red Chinese envoys met 73 times between August 1955 and December 1957, with the U.S. constantly pressing Red China to renounce the use of force in the Formosa Strait. What was negotiable that had not been before?

The answer was the status of the offshore islands. Given the military stand-off on Quemoy, the U.S. now seemed willing to offer as its bargaining counter neutralization of the Nationalist-held islands along the China coast. Though it would not consider turning the islands over to Communist rule, the U.S. was prepared to contemplate an agreement under which Mao would commit himself to leave them alone and Chiang would cease to use them as bases.

In the present crisis, the islands had become a symbol of the principle that, in an orderly world, an aggressor cannot be allowed to assert territorial claims by force. That principle the U.S. was properly committed to defend—with a vigor that many of its allies could be grateful for but were too pusillanimous to join. An agreement on the islands' neutralization would be bitter tea for Chiang Kai-shek, but it might also be the only way to remove what Dwight Eisenhower called "the thorn in the side of peace."

GREAT BRITAIN

Tides of Favor

Britain's ruling Conservatives, who lost one by-election after another after imposing unpopular austerity measures to correct Britain's creeping inflation, have now forged into first place in public-opinion polls as their policies of economic restraint have started to pay off. Amid Labor consternation, Tories began to call for a "snap election" that would take advantage of the government's new popularity. But Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, who refused to panic in the time of Tory adversity, was no more to be hustled in prosperity. Last week he jauntily told a Conservative rally in Bromley: "I have no intention of advising a dissolution of Parliament this winter. I hope this statement will put the Opposition out of their agony, and be a stabilizing message to the world of commerce and industry."

"Naughty Boy"

Rolling back from a long and convivial supper one evening last week, Randolph Churchill decided to pay a call on his good friend Harold Macmillan. He wanted to show the Prime Minister the huge picture album to be presented to his father and Lady Churchill on their golden wedding

anniversary next day. Though his arrival was a trifle boisterous ("Don't worry, boys," he roared at the bobbies as he dumped his heavy package inside the door of No. 10 Downing Street. "There's a bomb inside"), he left 1½ hours later with a message of congratulations to be passed along to his parents.

But in his *Evening Standard* column next day, Churchill burlied. "I was lucky enough to see the Prime Minister last night, and am happily in a position to tell the world that Britain will stand by the U.S. in the Far East." Instantly, there was a howl of outrage. Journalists complained that Churchill had violated the spirit of the hallowed rule that no British reporter may quote directly the informal statements of the Prime Minister on an important or delicate issue. Laborite politicians charged that Macmillan seemed to be committing Britain to fight for Quemoy, alongside the U.S.

Truth was that though Macmillan is not willing to join physically in the military defense of Quemoy, Churchill's words reflected accurately Macmillan's willingness to give his U.S. ally full political and moral backing in time of trouble—something he cannot afford to say with as much vigor as he would wish in the face of British public opinion. From No. 10 came a stiff statement that "Mr. Churchill's article was not authorized," that Britain had "no commitment of any kind with the U.S. over the Far East situation."

But Britons of all stripes were united in deploring Randolph's blurt. "A grave indiscretion," cried the *Daily Herald* in a front-page editorial. "It is perhaps apt to recall," said the *Star*, "that Mr. Randolph Churchill once wrote that no one was ever given corporal punishment in the Churchill home . . . Mr. Macmillan may be excused for regarding that as a major sin of omission, for Randolph has been a naughty boy . . . Bend over, Randolph."



Terence Le Goubin

COLUMNIST CHURCHILL
To take the rap.

* An opinion which has not prevented the U.S.S.R. from steadily expanding its own fleet, both surface and undersea.

MIDDLE EAST

Lock of Presence

"Live in peace," said Dag Hammarskjöld, winding up his 17-day peacemaking mission in the Middle East. In a resolution of last month's emergency U.N. Assembly meeting, the Arabs had pledged themselves to noninterference in one another's affairs, and asked the Secretary General to make practical arrangements to assure that these promises were carried out, with the ultimate object of achieving the evacuation of British and U.S. troops from Jordan and Lebanon.

The key man was Nasser. Yet when Hammarskjöld arrived in Cairo, Nasser evasively refused to commit himself to "radio disarmament," but proclaimed to his assembled United Arab States Council: "We will not put down our arms until the occupation forces withdraw from Jordan, Lebanon, Aden, Oman, Algeria and the entire Arab world." In Damascus, the Nasser-controlled newspaper *Al-Nasr* kept up the barrage of hate: "The U.A.R. will be unable to prevent the people of Jordan from hating the loss of their independence after years of martyrdom at the hands of a king who is a deviationist and a traitor and who submerged Jordan in a wave of terror."

Jordan's King Hussein, said Hammarskjöld, agreed to accept an ambassador as the U.N.'s "presence" in Amman, provided others were named for Cairo and Baghdad, too. Nasser had no objection to one in Amman, but to accept one in Cairo would be an admission that Nasser was guilty of something. That he rejected out of hand. In the face of such intransigence, Hussein concluded that a U.N. presence was no substitute for British troops. This week Amman announced that the British, whose aid was cut off at Jordanian request in 1957, had agreed to grant Jordan \$2,800,000 in new funds.

Hammarskjöld's mission looked better in Lebanon—but largely because Lebanon's crisis seemed to be quieting down. The incoming regime of President-elect Fuad Chehab had gained wide internal backing. But neither Chehab nor President Camille Chamoun could give any commitments. No U.N. presence was established to permit all U.S. troops to withdraw, though last week the U.S. pulled out 2,000 more marines.

In the ambiguous peace that followed the summer's storms, Nasser has become the increasingly acknowledged Mr. Big of the Arab world. Such was his prestige that last week Morocco and even his old rival, Bourguiba of Tunisia, felt compelled to join the Arab League. In the new Arab order taking shape after the Iraqi revolt, only Jordan and Lebanon had lined up against Nasser, and the Lebanon that elected Chehab was already trending back to the old Lebanese position of neutrality among Arabs. If Hammarskjöld is un diplomatically candid when he makes his report to the U.N. Assembly later this month, he could report that the problem of the Middle East is still the problem of Nasser.

SPAIN

Empty Tomb

Within hours of the end of Spain's Civil War in 1939, Francisco Franco ordered the construction of a monument to the Nationalists who died fighting for him. With labor recruited from political prisoners anxious to reduce their sentences, work began in 1940 and continued for the next 18 years.

This summer the \$40 million *Valle de los Caídos* (Valley of the Fallen) was thrown open to the public. It is built on a scale to rival the pyramids. On the rocky crest of one of the foothills of the snow-capped Guadarrama Range sits a sparkling, 500-ft., white granite cross, visible on a clear day from Madrid, 28 miles

her brother's body from El Escorial (where Spain's kings are entombed).

In the face of such opposition, Franco hesitated unhappily. Last week the *Valle de los Caídos* was still undedicated, its burial vaults empty.

FRANCE

An Aye for an Ally

As France wrangled its way closer to the date of the referendum on its new constitution, Premier Charles de Gaulle got a ringing endorsement from an old comrade in arms, Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, 70, standing down as NATO's Deputy Supreme Allied Commander in Europe after half a century of soldiering, told a farewell Paris



Dimitri Kessel—Life

FRANCO'S VALLEY OF THE FALLEN
Too bloody, too recent, for the dead to lie together.

away. Beneath the cross, chipped out of the mountain's solid rock interior, is a huge crypt, 750 ft. long and richly inlaid with marble. The crypt leads to a basilica 130 ft. high, whose dome is adorned with a mosaic depicting God, the angels and the Nationalists.

Over the years, Franco had changed his original concept of the Valley of the Fallen as a final resting place for himself and other Nationalists. Why not open the crypt to the dead of both sides? Last year he issued a proclamation: "The long period of peace which has followed the victory has seen the development of a policy guided by the highest sense of unity and brotherhood among Spaniards. This must be, therefore, the monument to all the fallen."

But Spain's fratricide was too bloody and too recent, Loyalists refused to have their dead entombed with their enemies; Franco's own Nationalists objected to burial beside Loyalists. "Absolutely not," snapped Pilar Primo de Rivera, sister of Falangist Founder José Antonio, when she heard that Franco planned to move

press conference: "Quite frankly, I am a Gaullist. General de Gaulle stands for France more than any other person in decades. He is a good guy—and he is going to put this country right. If anybody disagrees, I'll wager £100 on it."

De Gaulle himself, getting on with his nation's business, welcomed West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer to his home in Colombey-les-deux-Eglises. It was the first meeting for the two, and they talked for six hours. "Close cooperation of the Federal Republic of Germany and the French Republic," they declared, "is the basis of all constructive work in Europe."

DIPLOMACY

The New Rome

Flying into the U.S. from the far ends of the earth, a flock of foreign statesmen last week demonstrated that the roads which once led to imperial Rome and London now converge on Washington. Unlike their counterparts in the days of the Caesars and the Gladstones, they

came not as satraps but as friends. But each of these ambassadors to the new Rome had a plea or a complaint. Items: **¶** India's Finance Minister Morarji Desai sought first aid for his country's second five-year plan, threatened with strangulation by an acute shortage of foreign exchange. By week's end Desai had got the promise of 1) \$100 million in U.S. loans, and 2) \$200 million in U.S. farm surpluses to be paid for in rupees.

¶ Japanese Foreign Minister Aichiro Fujiyama was worried by the prospect that his country might be dragged involuntarily into a war between the U.S. and Red China. From Dulles, Fujiyama got assurances that the U.S. was ready to revise its 1951 mutual-security treaty but failed to get what he really wanted: a Japanese veto over the deployment of U.S. forces based in Japan.

¶ Turkish Finance Minister Hasan Polatkan came to hammer out the precise uses to which inflation-ridden Turkey will put the \$350 million in aid it has been promised by the U.S. and the members of the Organization for European Economic Co-operation. He was rewarded with the grant of an immediate \$75 million to finance vitally needed imports.

¶ Taking up his new post as Nationalist China's ambassador, personable, U.S.-educated (Amherst '24) George Yeh had only one request: "a more adequate convoy system" by U.S. warships escorting Nationalist supply vessels to Quemoy.

CYPRUS

Hostile Partners

For every Greek murdered, an Englishman will be murdered. We offered peace, but our enemy thought we were weak and provoked us.

With that warning signed, Colonel George Grivas, leader of the Greek Cypriot terrorist underground, EOKA, last

week ended his truce with the British authorities who rule embattled Cyprus. It came as news to many Britons on the island that there ever had been a "truce." In the previous week one British soldier had been killed and four wounded in a seven-hour gun battle in which they killed four EOKA men holed up in a barn near Famagusta; on the streets of Nicosia, a British airman walking hand-in-hand with his wife was murdered by three EOKA gunmen who fired five shots from a passing taxi. From Royal Air Force headquarters on Cyprus had gone the order to airmen: "Keep your eyes open . . . be ready to shoot at once . . . and shoot to kill."

Massive Boycott. Britain's "partnership" plan, introduced last June, had run into massive resistance from the Greek majority. Under it, Cyprus would get limited self-government with separated Greek Cypriot and Turkish Cypriot legislatures; Turkey and Greece would each appoint a special representative to advise the British Governor. Turkish Cypriots, who had been holding out for partition, grudgingly accepted "partnership."

But the Greek majority, charging that the plan would lead to partition, had responded by boycotting all efforts to bring them into it. In sporadic outbursts of violence, unleashed by both Greek and Turkish Cypriots, 165 people were killed.

In a last-ditch attempt to break the deadlock Governor Sir Hugh Foot flew to London with a new plan to bring back Archbishop Makarios, the bearded, 45-year-old Greek Orthodox Ethnarch of Cyprus and leader of the Greek Cypriot movement for *enosis* (union with Greece). This would give Foot a Greek Cypriot with whom to negotiate. And Makarios might be persuaded to restrain EOKA's gunmen, he argued. Colonial Secretary Alan Lennox-Boyd, who had a hand in Makarios' expulsion from the island in 1946, did not agree. He admitted that Makarios would have to be allowed to return to Cyprus eventually—but not until the archbishop gave advance proof that he would curb violence. The Cabinet compromised: Foot glumly went back to Cyprus last week with authority to permit Makarios' return at some indefinite future date (and whether violence ceases or not). But, meanwhile, Foot was ordered to push ahead with the British plan whether the Greek Cypriots like it or not.

Biggest Yet. In Athens, where he lives in a suite in the Petit Palais hotel, Makarios issued a statement denouncing both the British and the Turks and demanding U.N. intervention, but later said he would like to return to Cyprus because he had some, "but not very great," hopes that he could help toward a settlement. Crucial date was Oct. 1, by which time Turkey is scheduled to appoint its official adviser to Cyprus' Governor, Said Makarios. "If the Turkish representative goes to Nicosia and Sir Hugh enforces the British plan, it will be the beginning of the biggest troubles yet." Best British hope was that, at the last minute, the Greeks might agree to cooperate with the plan rather than he left out of it entirely.



United Nations

NYERERE
Sure as the ficklebird.

TANGANYIKA

Hymn to Bwana Julius

After repeated assurances that his mark on the ballot would neither give his enemies a hold over him by witchcraft nor make his wives sterile, the clan leader thrust his spear shaft into the ground, strode into the mud-and-wattle hut and voted. Among the fertile coffee plantations on the lower slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro, lounge-suited leaders of the progressive Chagga tribe queued up at polling stations alongside white planters in khaki shorts and Asian shopkeepers in dhotis.

In the eastern plains, one polling place stayed open the statutory nine hours to allow the three registered voters in the area (100 sq. mi.) to cast their ballots. On the palm-fringed shores of the Indian Ocean to the south, British district officers took to dugout canoes to ferry the black metal ballot boxes up crocodile-infested rivers to obscure villages where natives would choose from such party symbols as a clock, a cockerel, a lion.

One for Three. Thus, twelve centuries after Arabs from Oman colonized their land, the peoples of the East African territory of Tanganyika (where Stanley found Dr. Livingstone) voted last week in their first election. Taken over by the Germans in 1884 in a fast deal with twelve tribal chiefs, Tanganyika passed under British mandate after World War I, and in 1946 became the U.N.'s largest trusteeship (1302,688 sq. mi.). For a decade the British administrators prepared the way for last week's "experiment."

Because Tanganyika's 95,000 Asians and Arabs and its 25,000 Europeans (chiefly British and Greek) comprise only 1.5% of the territory's population of 8,800,000, the British wisely made no attempt to maintain absolute white supremacy as European settlers had tried to do in neighboring Kenya and the Cen-



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MAKARIOS
Uncertain as violence.



Illustration courtesy: Mathias-Rohr & Söhne, Götting, Germany

HOW TO BELT A GIANT WITH HALF THE EFFORT

Harnessing a heavyweight—a king-size drop forge press—took quite some doing at this Midwestern toolmaker's. The tremendous shock loads—at every 2,500-lb. blow—were tough enough on the belts. But there also was the attack by dense oil fumes. And one drive was just 7 feet above a white-hot forging furnace.

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tral African Federation. Instead, in a bid for racial harmony, the British allotted each constituency three council seats, one for each of the three major racial groups—Asian, European and African. Every voter, regardless of his color, voted for his choice in all three seats.

To be eligible a voter had to be over 21, have eight years of schooling or an annual income of \$420, or have served as a chief headman or clan leader. In the five constituencies that balloted last week, only 28,500 citizens who met the qualifications registered. The remaining five constituencies will vote in February.

Reformed Troublemaker. At week's end, as the returns came down the mountains by mulepack, slight, mustached Julius Nyerere, 36-year-old head of the Tanganyika African National Union (TANU), slapped his knees with joy. In every reported result, his TANU African candidates and the Asians and Europeans backed by TANU had swept into the council over the white-led United Tanganyika Party, headed by Sissal Millionaire Stephen Emmanuel.

A former schoolteacher with an M.A. from Edinburgh University and a preference for Scotch and soda, Nyerere is the son of a tribal chief, once frankly described himself as a "troublemaker." But, dreaming of the day when he might be Tanganyika's first black Prime Minister and needing the cooperation of the Europeans, he has moderated his views recently. London says that independence is a long way off, and the British have assured their continued control of the 67-man council by retaining a majority of seats for their own appointees. But as his followers sang a little hymn to "Buana Julius Nyerere, that you may continue to seek freedom on our behalf," Nyerere called for responsible self-government in Tanganyika next year, predicted confidently: "Independence will follow as surely as the tickbirds follow the rhino."

GWADAR

The Sons of Sindbad

One of the last remaining foreign-flag enclaves on the continent of Asia[®] was crased last week. In the first international cash-for-territory deal since the U.S. paid \$25 million for Denmark's Virgin Islands in 1917, the republic of Pakistan purchased the sun-blanchd, 300-sq.-mi. peninsula of Gwadar (pop. 20,000) from the Sultan of Muscat and Oman. Price: \$8,000,000 cash and a percentage of any oil ever found on Gwadar's rainless shores.

Gwadar, which in the Baluchi language means Gateway of Winds, has been a haven for Arab seamen since the fabled Sindbad the Sailor cruised its coasts. The place passed into the hands of the Sultans of Muscat and Oman in the 18th century when Syed, heir to the Muscat sultanate, tried to seize the throne, failed, and fled across the Arabian Sea to escape his fa-



SULTAN OF MUSCAT & OMAN
His ancestor climbed the tallest palm.

ther's wrath. Gwadar at that time belonged to the Khan of Kalat, who welcomed Syed in princely fashion and made him a handsome offer. "You can have the revenues of as much land as you can see," declared the Khan. The wily Syed shinned up the tallest date palm in sight and laid claim to everything on the horizon. Syed later made peace with his father, whom he succeeded. But he continued to collect Gwadar's revenues, and Gwadar passed into the possession of the sultanate.

Maidens & Dhows. Gwadar was then the haunt of pirates and pearl divers. Later, in the 19th century, its freebooters prospered by procuring black-eyed Persian maidens for sale in Arabia's slave markets. The British, lords of India and protectors of Muscat, ended this racket. Since World War II smuggling has been Gwadar's chief industry. As the new republics of Pakistan and India, trying to husband their precious foreign exchange, clapped stern restrictions on luxury imports, the enterprisers of Gwadar took to their dhows to keep Karachi's shops well filled with the restricted items. When the Pakistanis tried to check the flow with a fleet of patrol boats, the smugglers installed powerful

diesel engines in their dhows, sped to secret rendezvous with mysterious tramp steamers far offshore, then raced for the Gateway of Winds faster than Pakistan customs launches could follow. From Gwadar the smuggled stuff poured into Pakistan's markets by camel train, fishing boats and trailers pulled by souped-up Chevrolets along the sandy beaches.

Last Killing. Last week's sale, accomplished under Britain's good offices, came as no surprise to the freewheeling middlemen of Gwadar. In anticipation that Pakistan's customs restrictions would soon surround them, the smugglers had changed their occupation to just plain importers, stuffed their mud-walled warehouses and piled the beachfronts with great dumps of cosmetics, transistor radios, automobile parts, nylons and U.S. cigarettes. The Pakistanis, too pleased at plugging the hole to begrudge Gwadar its last killing, ran up their green and white flag and announced that they hope to develop the place as a navy and air base, eventually to deepen its shallow port until it ranks after Karachi as the republic's second seaport.

PAKISTAN

Border Trade

Pakistan's quarrels with India have been so virulent that outsiders have had to intervene—the U.N. to separate the armies in Kashmir, the International Bank to arbitrate rights to the Indus River waters. This summer, trouble flared along East Pakistan's ill-marked borders, and once again Pakistan's Moslem Leaguers whooped it up for holy war. Customarily, any politician who talks on India in conciliatory tones risks political suicide. But Feroz Khan Noon, the tall, Oxford-educated aristocrat who became Pakistan's seventh Prime Minister last winter, decided that such irresponsible fire-breathing had gone on too long. Bluntly warning that "U.S. military aid will stop if Pakistan talks in terms of war," Noon challenged the zealots: "If you think you can wage a war with India standing on your own feet, you can come and do it. I shall not lead this country to war, because I know war will destroy both countries and solve no problems."

Noon's words won quick response from India's Nehru, who has long considered the border incidents "an intolerable nuisance." Last week Prime Minister Noon flew to New Delhi with his handsome, Hungarian-born Begum for the first meeting of Prime Ministers of the two countries since 1955. Nehru sprang gallantly forward to retrieve Begum Noon's golden slipper when it fell as she stepped out of the plane. He escorted them to the high-domed Presidential House; and the talks began. The two leaders quickly worked out an agreement to trade several small enclaves along the disputed East Pakistan border "with a view to relieving tension."

Both Prime Ministers stressed that their present step was less important than the direction in which they were moving. Next, ministers from each side will tackle West Pakistan's border.



[®] Others: Portuguese Goa and Macao, Britain's Hong Kong.

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

The Bait & the Hook

Ever since Red China began baiting its bids for diplomatic recognition with the glittering prospect of trade, some Canadians have shown themselves surprisingly eager to swallow bait, hook and all. Most outspoken of the lot is Toronto's *Globe and Mail*, whose publisher, Oakley Dalgleish recently returned from a tour of the Chinese mainland bubbling with admiration for the Peking regime. Last week U.S. diplomats wondered if the pro-Peking line of Dalgleish and his fellow apologists might not be swinging the government in the same direction.

After the Chinese Reds began shelling the Nationalist-held island of Quemoy, the *Globe and Mail* renewed its demands to hand over Quemoy, extend diplomatic recognition and welcome the Chinese Communists into the U.N. The *Globe and Mail* reprinted three editorials in ads in the *New York Times*, drew a freshet of letters from both sides of the border, including an approving note in the *Times* from John Carter Vincent, left-leaning onetime U.S. diplomat who was fired from the State Department in 1953.

By itself, the *Globe and Mail* could be regarded as a single shrill voice. More alarming is the possibility that the Ottawa government, prodded by Canadian friends of Red China, might agree, thus shattering the Western front against U.N. recognition of the Reds. It is an open secret in Washington that Prime Minister Diefenbaker has pressed President Eisenhower for a softer policy toward Red China. The State Department was also jolted by Diefenbaker's hint that Canada might take the initiative to turn the Quebec crisis over to the U.N.

Canada has issued no formal statement of policy, nor has it announced any plans

for the coming U.N. General Assembly. Washington hopes that the government recalls some clearheaded remarks delivered in the House of Commons last year: "I think the experience of the United Kingdom, which recognized Communist China prior to the Korean war, has added little to the extension or expansion of trade between that country and Communist China . . . Until such time as the Communist government of China expiates its wrongdoing under international law there certainly will be no justification for the granting of recognition." The speaker: Prime Minister John Diefenbaker.

The Yukon Troubadour

As a poet, Robert William Service never sought the level of Percy Bysshe Shelley, would have been as out of place on Parnassus as Shelley in a Klondike saloon. The rhymes that made Service a millionaire wooed none of the nine Muses. They reek of male shenanigans and sweat, roar like a Yukon avalanche, teem with rude and lusty characters: Claw-Fingered Kitty, Chewed-Ear Jenkins, Muck-Luck Mag, Blasphemous Bill Mackie, Dangerous Dan McGrew. "Rhyming has my ruin been," Robert Service once wrote, falling unconsciously into the balladeer's inversion. "With less deftness I might have produced real poetry."

Real poetry was not a part of "Wullie" Service's spirit, or his life. Even as an English-born bank clerk in Glasgow, he dashed off doggerel for the weeklies and burned with an adventurer's ambition to make a million dollars, write 1,000 poems, and live for a century. In hot pursuit of these ends, he hopped a freighter to Canada in 1895, a ruddy-faced, guitar-playing, wind-drifted 21-year-old fiddle-foot with a Scottish burr. He worked anywhere, at anything—swilling swine in British Columbia, tending roses for a San



BALLADEER SERVICE
A peon to raw cabbage.

Diego cathouse—and everywhere manufacturing verse.

Dangerous Dan, Lady Luck, who smiled on so many fortune seekers in the Yukon gold fields, smiled there too on Wullie Service. Behind his bank teller's cage one frozen night in White Horse he knocked out a raw, rollicking ballad called *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*, modestly tucked it away in his shirt drawer, months later, in 1907, sent it to Toronto publisher of church hymnals with a slender assortment of other snurdough rhymes. The story goes that the typesetters swung into a dance as they locked it in the forms.

*Then I ducked my head, and the lights
went out, and two guns blazed in the
dark,
And a woman screamed, and the lights
went up, and two men lay stiff and
stark,
Pitched on his head, and pumped full
of lead, was Dangerous Dan McGrew,
While the man from the creeks lay
clutched to the breast of the lady
that's known as Lou.*

In one collection or another, Dangerous Dan grossed its author half a million dollars; and another early Service ballad, *The Cremation of Sam McGee*, earned such widespread prominence that its real-life namesake (whose name Service casually lifted from a bank ledger) spent all the remaining days of his life parrying the question: "Is it warm enough for you, Sam?"

These popular two ballads by themselves made Service rich. In successive books—*Ballads of a Cheechako*, *Rhymes of a Rolling Stone*, *Lyrics of a Love Bore*—he paid repeated respects to his own



"THE SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW" (FROM AN EARLY MOVIE STILL)
"Pitched on his head, and pumped full of lead, was . . ."

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*They bring to mind the flavor
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For here are peas whose succulence suggests the celebrated *petits pois* of France.

Very young and very tender. The delicate flavor of these unusual little peas is unlike that of any others you may have tasted.

Their unique succulence is explained by their upbringing. To begin with, they are grown from seed developed through hundreds of breedings and cross-breeding.

This seed is planted in certain choice acreages where soil and climate combine to produce peas of unusual character.

Through every day of the growing season, they are tended in a manner which reminds you of how a great chateau looks after its prized vineyards.

When the peas have reached their moment of prime flavor, they are gathered gently and put into tins for your delectations.

These unusual little peas are called Le Sueur Brand peas. Fine food purveyors now have them in modest quantity.

May we suggest that you (or the cook) order some today? With a bit of luck, you may enjoy them this very night.



LE SUEUR

BRAND

Very Young Small

PEAS

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talents as a versifier and an avid public's eagerness to read manly far northern rhymes such as these:

*This is the law of the Yukon, and ever
she makes it plain:
"Send not your foolish and feeble; send
me your strong and your sane—
Strong for the red rage of battle; sane,
for I harry them sore;
Send me men girl for the combat, men
who are grit to the core;
Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce
as the bear in defeat,
Sired of a bulldog parent, steered in the
furnace heat."*

All told, Wollie Service sold better than 3,000,000 copies of his verse, later learned, to his disappointment, that the world's readers were far less interested in his fiction (six novels), or his advice on clean living, set forth in *Why Not Grow Young?*, a paean to raw cabbage and potatoes.

Villa in the Sun. In 1913 Service settled into an expatriate's life in France. The Service ballads, still selling a steady 20,000 books a year, financed the sybaritic life he led in Brittany, Nice, and in his other-faced Monte Carlo villa surveying the azure Mediterranean where Tennyson once slept. For four decades he soaked up the kindly sun. "I want every day of my life to belong to me, to do with as I please," he said.

And one day last week in the Brittany villa at Lancieux, death at last stilled his rhythmic tongue at 84. He had missed by 16 years his youthful ambition to live to 100, had fallen short of his goal of 1,000 poems. But he had left behind him an inefaceable imprint of his adventurer's appetite for the wild far places and the wild far things, in imperishable rhymed memorials to Claw-Fingered Kitty, Chewed-Ear Jenkins and Dangerous Dan McGrew.

THE AMERICAS

Plotters' Playground

A light rain sifted down on southeast Florida one night last week as the 62-ft. cabin cruiser *Harpoon* eased out of a remote cove near Miami and zigzagged through mangrove islands to the sea. Suddenly, a blinding spotlight blazed through the mist. The U.S. border patrol cutter *Douglas C. Shute* roared alongside and two agents leaped to the *Harpoon's* slippery deck yelling: "Keep her on course!" As a defiant helmsman slammed the *Harpoon* into a mangrove thicket, uniformed Cuban revolutionaries poured from the cabin. One tried to fire his submachine gun, failed only because the clip was in backwards; another exploded a defective hand grenade, blowing off a finger. The rest purpled the air with curses.

The haul was the biggest in months—31 rebels (who were charged with plotting against a foreign state), \$30,000 worth of mortars, antitank guns, rifles and medical supplies headed for Fidel Castro's revolutionary forces. Next day, in luxurious homes along Biscayne Boulevard, in such southwestern Miami hangouts as the neon-

bright Blue Derby Restaurant and the Tropicana dance hall, Cuban faces were as long as a rum sour. And Cubans were not the only residents of Miami with a particular interest in the night's events. The city is a hive of revolutionists; hardly a day goes by without at least one new plot abrewing.

This Badge for Hire. In the past two years, gaudy, gritty Greater Miami (400 sq. mi.; pop. 840,000) has become revolutionary headquarters of the Americas, with guns, boats, planes and men to man them all for the buying. In April Nicaraguan exiles boldly hijacked a C-46 transport at Miami International Airport and flew off in an abortive assassination try against President Luis Somoza. In July a boatload of revolutionaries from Miami stormed ashore in Haiti only to be ridden by President François Duvalier's army. The next day Dominican rebels were nabbed loading arms on another C-46 in Miami, apparently with the suicidal intention of invading Dictator Rafael Trujillo's ironclad state. And for every expedition caught, many more plotters get through to stir up big and little trouble down south.

The revolutionaries have chosen their GHQ well. With three airports and a mazelike coastline of winding waterways Greater Miami is a plotters' playground for its terrain alone. What makes it paradise are the cops, many of whom make less than \$300 a month and are in the market for a little extra spending money. Rebels admit privately that the officers "give us the *vista gorda*"—the blank, unseeing eye. Nor do the police play favorites. Three Dade County deputy sheriffs junket down to Batista's Cuba, come home bragging openly that "it didn't cost a cent; we got the red-carpet treatment." Marcos Pérez Jiménez, former dictator of Venezuela, gains the gratitude of Miami Beach policemen by hiring them at fat fees to spend off-duty hours watching his \$315,000 home.

Help from \$5,000. In the case of Cuba, Miami's colony of \$5,000 Latin Americans is not so bipartisan as the police. It is heavily anti-Batista and spares neither time nor treasure in support of the rebels. Financed by ex-President Carlos Prío Socarrás, who salted away millions during his 3½ years in office, by rich expatriates and by wealthy Havana sympathizers who donate as much as \$50,000 apiece at clandestine rallies, the rebels trade with arms dealers all along the Gulf and East Coast. The rebels sometimes get short-changed, e.g., dummy grenades, ammo cases padded out with empty cartons, but their big money also buys solid merchandise: carbines at \$100 each, Thompson submachine guns at \$350. The weapons are cached in cars and apartment closets, buried in sand dunes; the rebel-owned Trade Winds Hotel Apartments was a dynamite storehouse until deputies raided it recently.

So far this year, federal agents have halted 15 shipments worth an estimated \$200,000, but they stop only a fraction of the traffic. Cuban rebels brag that 90% of the arms get through.

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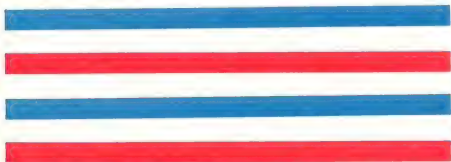
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Our country calls not for the life of ease, but for the life of strenuous endeavor. The twentieth century looms before us big with the fate of many nations. If we stand idly by, if we seek merely swollen, slothful ease, and ignoble peace, if we shrink from the hard contests where men must win at hazard of their lives and at the risk of all they hold dear, then the bolder and stronger peoples will pass us by and will win for themselves the domination of the world. Let us therefore boldly face the life of strife, resolute to do our duty well and manfully; resolute to uphold righteousness by deed and by word; resolute to be both honest and brave, to serve high ideals, yet to use practical methods.



Theodore Roosevelt: *from a speech, "The Strenuous Life," delivered in Chicago in 1891*

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PEOPLE

On their goth wedding anniversary, celebrated on the French Riviera, **Sir Winston and Lady Churchill** received the attentions of an esteeming world: telegrams and letters (from the Queen, the Prime Minister, the President of the U.S.), hampers of flowers, a gallon of 119-year-old cognac, a 25-lb. chocolate cigar. The day was quiet, with a few champagne toasts on the villa terrace; but, as the *New York Times* editorialized, it was "still another great day in a life that has known much greatness."

Lawyer **Edgar Eisenhower** and Major General **Louis W. Truman**, the new commandant of Washington's Fort Lewis, met for the first time, paired off as golfing partners in Tacoma, were calling each other "Edgar" and "Louie" by the time they stepped onto the first green. When Truman was asked about his relationship with the former president, he said: "We're cousins." Ike's brother could empathize. "In that case, Louie, I suppose you've got the same kind of problem I have," Said Truman: "I think yours is worse than mine."

Docking in Los Angeles after a voyage from Hong Kong with his fourth wife, Chinese-American **Kay Ling**, 45, Musical Comedy Composer **Rudolf** (*The Vagabond King*) **Friml**, 73, sniffed: "We were in London last spring and attended *My Fair Lady*. I was nonplused. It was a terrible thing. I couldn't sit through it. I just walked out."

Meeting baseball writers as a group for the first time since his paralyzing auto accident last January, Dodger Catcher **Roy Campanella** spoke with undiminished spirit through a microphone suspended from his neck brace. Over the previous weekend, he had been home for the first time with his wife and children.

and it was "the best medicine I've had." At Manhattan's N.Y.U.-Bellevue Medical Center, his daily routine includes lifting 17-lb. sandbags, breathing oxygen to help his respiration and speech. "I can feed myself," he boasted, "and that's a big thing. You hate to have someone feed you."

The Army ordered Private **Elvis Presley** to West Germany as a truck driver.

Michigan Supreme Court Justice **John D. Voelker**, who as Robert Traver wrote the fictional bestselling *Anatomy of a Murder*, likes an occasional sauna bath with his Finnish neighbors, deplors meddlers who interfere with the harmless customs of free citizens. Last week, writing the opinion for a decision exonerating



JUSTICE VOELKER
Plucked chickens.

four nudists, Justice Voelker—who is privately "revolted" by nudism—went after some offensive cops. Four carloads of flatfeet had raided the nudists' camp, "descending upon these unsuspecting souls like storm troopers, herding them before clicking cameras like plucked chickens." It was "indecent—indeed the one big indecency we can find in this whole case," and the "final irony" came when a warrant was sworn out that one of the cops was "the aggrieved victim of an indecent exposure. It seems that we are now prepared to burn down the house of constitutional safeguards in order to roast a few nudists. I will have none of it."

A bit low-slung in a two-tone, 1929-style swim suit, **Marilyn Monroe** skipped out of the Pacific in a scene from her



ACTRESS MONROE
Desirable pounds.

new film, *Some Like It Hot*. There was some discussion about her taking off a few pounds, but Marilyn firmly declined. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon wear women's clothes in several sequences in *Hot*, and "you want your audience to be able to distinguish me from Tony and Jack," Marilyn said. "Besides, my husband likes me plump."

Said Mississippi's Democratic Senator **James O. Eastland**: "Thank God for your country and for your leadership." Speaking on the same occasion was Indiana Republican Senator **William E. Jenner**, who said he knew "how important it is for a national leader to really lead and not just drift. I can appreciate how lucky you have been." The occasion: a joint session of the Dominican Republic Legislature of Dictator **Rafael Trujillo**.

Using an 1893 Army Engineers' map, the National Park Service excavated the parade ground in Baltimore's Fort McHenry, made some progress on one of history's minor problems: as British warships fired on the fort in 1814, **Francis Scott Key** had marveled at the carmine traceries of novel Congreve rockets, noted everything but the exact location of the star-spangled banner. The Park Service dug up the big, hand-hewn supporting-brace timbers that kept Key's inspiration so gallantly streaming.

The municipal government of Genoa announced the 1958 winner of the \$8,000 Christopher Columbus international communications prize: **William R. Anderson**, skipper of the U.S. nuclear submarine *Nautilus*, 1957 winner: Rear Admiral **Hyman G. Rickover**.

In Topeka, Kans., someone told Secretary of Agriculture **Erna Taft Benson** that he had been mentioned as vice-



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presidential or even presidential timber. Swiftly whittling the old political metaphor, Benson said, "I have been good timber for a whipping post," added, "I have no political ambitions, I am on leave from my [Mormon] church duties in leadership, and when the President gets through with my services I want to get back to them."

American Negro Singer **Paul Robeson** was made an honorary professor at the Moscow State Conservatory of Music.

At ceremonies in Rome, where she received an award for distinguished performances in the Italian theater, fiery, fiercely maternal Actress **Anna Magnani**



ANNA MAGNANI & SON
Like the movies.

posed with her polio-victim son, Luca Alessandrini, is in a stark, harshly lighted scene reminiscent of one of her own neo-realistic Italian movies.

U.S. Ambassador to Ceylon **Maxwell Henry Gluck**, who achieved sudden fame of a sort because he didn't know who was Prime Minister of Ceylon (he finally learned: Solomon West Ridgeway Dias Bandaranaike), decided to give it all up after twelve months at his post, prepared to return to ladies' wear retailing (Darling Stores Corp.) and horse breeding.

From the office of **Richard Milhous Nixon** came confirmation of reports that the Vice President's daughters, Patricia, 12, and Julie, 10, have shifted from Washington's Horace Mann Public Elementary School to the private Sidwell Friends School.

At a fashion show sponsored by Fleet wives in Newport, **Mamie Eisenhower** heard the narrator comment that "the sack is probably the only style that was completely wiped out because too many husbands said, 'I just won't let my wife wear it.'" Said Mamie wistfully: "She is so right."

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SCIENCE

Lunar Electron Farm

Most unfortunate feature of the moon's climate is its airlessness, which will always be hard on humans who try to colonize the moon. Last week Dr. Peter A. Castruccio, director of Westinghouse Electric Corp.'s newly formed Astronautics Institute, pointed out one way to turn the moon's lack of atmosphere into an asset. Manufacturers of electronic tubes, he said, go to pains to pump air out of them so that the air will not interfere with the electrons. On the moon this is not necessary. The whole moon has a better vacuum than any manmade vacuum tube.

One of the major needs of a lunar colony will be electric power. Importing chemical fuel would be prohibitively expensive. Even a nuclear power plant would be an almost impossible cargo for earth-moon transportation. But the moon's vacuum, says Dr. Castruccio, makes conventional power plants unnecessary. The essential parts of a photoelectric tube, which on earth must be enclosed in vacuum-tight glass, can be laid out on the moon's airless surface, where they will produce electricity whenever sunlight hits them.

Castruccio's lunar power plant (which he calls an "electron farm") is nothing but a thin plastic sheet coated with cesium or some other material that gives off electrons when struck by light. On earth these electrons would get nowhere; they

would be captured immediately by atmospheric atoms. On the airless moon the electrons could be collected by a wire mesh. Flowing out of the mesh, they would form a direct electric current.

According to Dr. Castruccio, a one-acre electron farm will produce 1,200 kilowatts, enough to run 20,000 60-watt light bulbs. The plant will weigh 1.7 lbs. per kw. and cost (on earth) \$3.50 per kw. Since the farm can have any desired acreage, Dr. Castruccio feels that power supply should not be a principal problem for a lunar colony.

Nuclear Detection System

If the diplomats of the great powers back up their scientists, the earth in a few years will be thinly dotted with observation stations, internationally controlled, packed with sensitive instruments, and each manned by 30-odd scientists and technicians. Most of the stations will be on level terrain, and as far as possible from cities, railroads and heavily traveled highways. Their purpose: to detect clandestine tests of nuclear explosives.

After seven weeks of scholarly consultation at Geneva, U.S., British, Russian, Polish and other scientists issued definite recommendations for a nearly trickproof control system (TIME, Aug. 25). There were no minority reports, no signs of maneuvering for political advantage. Both sides agreed that a proper system of fewer

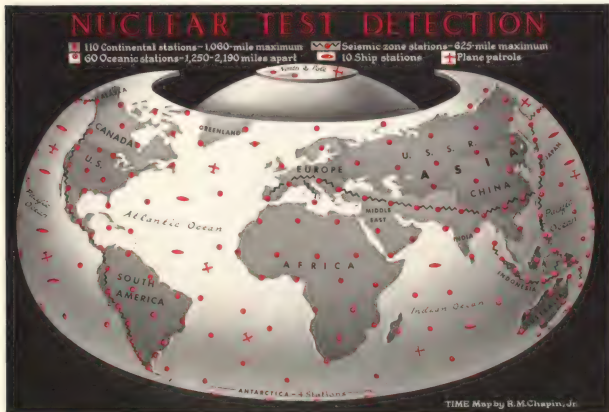
than 200 stations would detect with high accuracy even small explosions anywhere on earth.

Air Waves. The experts considered all major means of detecting nuclear tests. If the explosion takes place in air, it starts a powerful acoustic wave that can be detected at great distances as a slight variation of air pressure. A feeble one-kiloton explosion sends a detectable wave as much as 2,000 miles downwind, 300 miles upwind, or an average of 800 miles under conditions of light and varying winds. When exploded under the surface of the ocean, a one-kiloton explosion sends sound waves 6,000 miles through the water.

A deep underground explosion sends no air waves, but such explosions, and surface explosions too, send seismic waves through the earth. A station in a quiet place can detect the waves from a one-kiloton explosion as much as 2,200 miles away. The detecting apparatus is accurate enough to pinpoint the explosion within an area of 40-80 sq. mi., less than one-quarter the area of New York City.

Radio Giveaway. Another detecting method is by means of radio waves caused by the gamma rays from a nuclear explosion above the surface of the earth or sea. Radio waves from a one-kiloton test can be detected 4,000 miles away under favorable circumstances, and can locate within 20 miles an explosion 600 miles away.

All these detecting methods work very quickly. Another method, collecting radioactive debris from an explosion, takes more time, but is nonetheless useful. The





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experts recommended that rainfall all over the earth be checked for radioactivity. In dry countries a special collecting surface should be washed down periodically and the water checked. Weather airplanes flying their regular routes can carry observers and collecting equipment.

Each of these methods, the East-West experts pointed out, has its faults. Acoustic waves from a volcanic eruption, for instance, can be mistaken for waves from a nuclear test. Seismic waves from earthquakes can be misinterpreted, too. Nuclear tests deep under the earth or ocean yield no radioactive fallout, send out no air waves or radio waves. But they do send waves through the ocean, the earth, or both. Each type of test is detectable by one or more methods.

Quick Inspection. The experts reported that 160-170 land stations and ten on anchored or drifting ships should be able to monitor the entire earth with existing instruments, which are sure to improve with time. To do the full job—which may never be needed—37 of them should be in Asia, 24 in North America, six in Europe, seven in Australia, 16 in South America, 16 in Africa, four in Antarctica and 60 on islands (see schematic map with possible locations). In regions where earthquakes are common, the stations should be closer together (62.5 miles) than in nonseismic areas (1,060 miles).

Neither Russians nor Americans consider the system infallible. In 20 to 100 cases a year, natural earthquakes might be mistaken for deep underground tests. So they recommended that the international organization running the control system be permitted to go immediately to any suspected area and look for evidence of testing. Human ingenuity might find some way to fool this inspection too, but the experts decided that the risk of exposure would be extremely high.

Russian Surprise

Big surprise of the latter part of the Geneva atomic conference was a 25-minute Soviet movie with ballet-music background. The Russians had given the impression that they had built no nuclear power plant except the small (5,000 kw.) job they completed in 1954, but the film showed a massive building in an unnamed Siberian town. Inside was a monster reactor yielding 100,000 kw. of electricity. Five more like it under construction will make the plant the world's biggest. General consensus was that the Russians put deep in the shade by the U.S. technical exhibit, made the late announcement-by-movie as a Sputnik-like surprise.

U.S. and British reactor experts were not impressed. The Soviet reactor is remarkable chiefly for its size. In other respects it is old-fashioned, using graphite as moderator and ordinary water for cooling. Its operating temperature, 180° C. (356° F.), is low and therefore inefficient for power production. Soviet Delegation Chief Vasily Emelyanov practically admitted that the reactor is a dual purpose one whose primary job is making plutonium for nuclear explosives.



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NUYEN IN "SUZIE WONG"

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STANLEY & HAYES IN "POET"

Report from the Road

"Trying to anticipate any theater season," said a critic, "is like wiping off the lipstick before you've kissed the girl." Last week the girl was getting ready to be kissed. Trying out on the road before the hoped-for move to Broadway, new shows were priming frantically amid the desperate attentions of play doctors, angels, producers and producers' wives.

GOLDILOCKS, a musical visit to the Cro-Magnon days of moviemaking, was singing just a bit off key in Philadelphia, and its authors, Critic Walter Kerr and his wife Jean (*Please Don't Eat the Daisies*), were working overtime to tune it up. **AT THE GRAND**, the musical version of Vicki Baum's *Grand Hotel* that is scheduled to take Paul Muni back to his beginnings as a vaudeville hooper, is laid up in California while its producers try to produce a new book. Other shows were more nearly ready to kiss the road goodbye:

❑ **HOWIE**, by Phoebe Ephron, moved from Boston to Broadway riding an unplanned gale of publicity: the quiz show scandals. Howie (Albert Salmi) is a hulking ex-deck ape, the kind of guy who knows everything except when to shut up. He finishes his mother-in-law's *Double-Croisie*, his father-in-law's sentences and the neighbors' bridge bids—in short, the perfect quiz contestant. But when his sister-in-law (Patricia Bosworth) helps him into going on a quiz show, he refuses \$60,000 after he discovers that his opponent has got a fast shuffle. All this drew exactly 200 laughs one evening in Boston. Until certain time in New York this week, where *Howie* opens the season, all hands were working on a new third act.

❑ **A TOUCH OF THE POET** is the only extant play (the author tore up the others) of that final series in which Eugene O'Neill meant to spell out the dark, brooding mysteries of the human tragedy.

SHOW BUSINESS

Britain's Eric Portman is excellent as Cornelius Melody, a vainglorious Irishman who has quit the auld sod, risen to glory in Wellington's armies, been cashiered and is now living out his disgrace as a shabby saloon keep in the Boston of the 1820s. Helen Hayes survives her own saccharine whimsy as the harassed biddy married to a ruined cavalier, and Kim Stanley is impressive in the role of the old man's pride-ridden daughter. New Haven critics and audiences were divided, but "Can" Melody's brogue should still make one of the richest voices on Broadway.

❑ **THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG**, an adaptation of Richard Mason's bestselling novel, flounced into Boston dressed in Designer Jo Mielziner's spectacular sets—a revolving stage with great, gaudy panels that slide in and out, up and down, through dancing and disaster, life and death. The story line is distressing: boy meets Hong Kong "Yum-Yum girl," boy loves girl, girl loves boy, boy rejects girl, boy returns to girl ("Yum Yum") but cannot support her baby, girl walks out because she loves baby better, baby is killed in earthquake, boy helps pay for funeral. It is lovely, almond-eyed France Nuyen (the *Liat* of the movie version of *South Pacific*) who goes farthest toward saving the show with her high-heeled siance, her eloquent hips and her intelligent impersonation of a tough but dreamy little tramp. Director Josh Logan is unworried. After opening night he was overheard saying, "This is the kind of play that even the people who talk against it will make people want to see it. They'll say, 'It's a lousy story of a damn whorehouse. What difference does it make if they say it has a lousy second act?'"

The Price Was Wrong

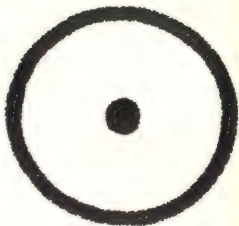
For months Gerard Mignone, 38, an unemployed Brooklyn milkman, had been salivating at the very sight of NBC's gaudy giveaway, *The Price Is Right*. The show promises a wondrous pack of prizes to any shrewd appraiser in the home audience who submits (via postcard) their correct prices. Mignone sent in hundreds of cards, became obsessed with the show. To check on prices, he organized an intricate filing system, hounded the Department of Commerce and called manufacturers all over the country. Said he: "I got a phone bill I'm afraid to show my wife. I spent \$200 tracing these things."

But his bids always seemed to be a few cents off. Finally, when a giveaway house was at stake, Mignone decided that the only way to heat the game was to break the rules. He waited for the correct bid to be announced over the air, then faked a couple of postcards and tried to bribe two 16-year-old mail sorters (with \$3,000 each) to slip the doctored cards into the show's regular mail. The kids told the story to the cops, and when two detectives came for the Machiavellian milkman, he tried to take it on the lam. A warning shot fired over his head ricocheted off a building, hit him in the cheek and landed him in the hospital. Said his wife: "I tried to get him to quit, but all he cared about was that show."

The Mixture as Before

It was the kind of TV program that no sponsor could possibly afford: the high-priced talent ranged from Board Chairman Robert Sarnoff (delivery somewhat stiff) to Broad Comic Milton Berle (delivery better than ever). Packed into a two-hour closed-circuit preview of the new season were all of NBC's top stars, presenting snippets from all of the network's evening programs. The audi-

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S E R V I N G T H E B I G R I V E R R E G I O N

ence: station personnel, admen and newsmen in 140 U.S. cities, Madison Avenue time buyers, the cold-eyed crew whom Bob Hope greeted as "the grey flannel Mafia," seemed satisfied at show's end that their share of the country's picture tubes might be worth the price.

Not that NBC was burdened with new ideas; there was the sound of western gunfire, the brass clangor of variety shows, a hint of "adult" comedy. All the old stand-bys were there—Dinah Shore, Tennessee Ernie Ford, Perry Como. The newest TV face turned out to be one of the oldest in show business: Ed Wynn, 71. In the preview, at least, he was involved in an embarrassingly corny act, plugging his own forthcoming dramatic series alongside a stripper, each of whose removable scanties carried an announcement for some NBC attraction.

One of the most welcome oldtime newcomers: Fred Astaire, warming up for a song-and-dance series with a nifty new partner, Barrie Chase. And it was all guaranteed by NBC to come in a superattractive package—600 hours of live color (an average of two hours a day), 100 big "specials," more emphasis on public affairs.

Only one new quiz show was announced, *Brains and Brawn*, in which intellectual quiz athletes team up with actual muscle-men. (After the brains match memories in familiar fashion, the brawnier contestants match skills in athletic derring-do.) An announcer's throbbing voice pledged continued loyalty to *Twenty-One*. But the irrepressible comics had a field day kidding the quizzes. "When the subject of my new show came up," cracked Bob Hope, "all General Sarnoff said was, 'Never mind if it's funny. Is it honest?'"

It remained for Milton Berle, Mr. TV himself, coming back to a regular show after three years, to warn the network that when it does get around to promoting new ideas, they had better be good. "I'll be on every Wednesday night, except when we're pre-empted by a spectacular," he quipped. "You know what a spectacular is. That's a word invented by a network vice president meaning 'Let's make the show longer and more expensive, and maybe they won't notice how lousy it is.'" To judge from last week's preview, NBC's new season will not be a spectacular.

Just Friends

Older citizens, if they search their memories hard, can still remember when Elizabeth Taylor appeared opposite Roddy McDowall in *Lassie Come Home*, was seen around Hollywood playing with rabbits and turtles, and wrote a story about a pet chipmunk entitled *Nibbles and Mr. Ah, yow!* Today every movie fan from Pomona to Pago Pago knows that when Elizabeth Taylor nibbles, it isn't chipmunks. And so when Liz got involved with a laddie who wouldn't come home and a lassie who wouldn't stand for it, Hollywood was in the midst of one of those major, publicity-churning crises. Trouble was that she had picked on two absolutely living dimpled dolls—Eddie Fisher, that wholesome, bubbly Coca-Cola boy, and his child bride, Debbie

Reynolds (who is actually the same age as 26-year-old Liz).

Still legend is the public bliss that surrounded the wedding of Eddie and Debbie three years ago in an enchanted castle named Grossinger's, a famed Catskills resort. At the time, pressagents recalled glowingly that when Debbie was in high school her mother had embroidered sweaters for her with the initials N.N.—for "non-neckers." Eddie, while never one to be stopped by initials, seemed to behave, at least for a while, and did not chase around a bit more than he had as a bachelor.

When Mike Todd, Liz Taylor's third husband, was killed in a plane crash last May, Debbie and Eddie were on hand to

when she asked the Widow Todd what the whole thing was about, the answer was un-pn-nt-le.

Back in the borscht belt, Jennie Grossinger sorrowed: "Debbie is adorable and so is Eddie. Two nicer people they don't come, I hope it'll blow over like little grey clouds." But the clouds kept darkening—as far away as Miami, there, Artist Ralph Cowan was stuck with a life-size portrait of Debbie that she had ordered for Eddie's birthday. "Now she doesn't want it," said Cowan. He also had a portrait of Liz on hand. "The man who ordered it never finished the payments." So Cowan shipped it to an eager buyer, Eddie Fisher. It seemed like the most sensible maneuver of the week.



LIZ TAYLOR TODD & FRIEND
Consolation at Grossinger's.

help console her. The Todds and the Fishers had been good friends (although in retrospect last week, Debbie made a fine point to the effect that perhaps they had not really been "good friends" but only "just friends"). When Eddie and Liz were in New York two weeks ago, consolation continued in nightclubs and during a weekend at Grossinger's. After Liz and Eddie finally returned to the coast, there followed a barrage of press releases—soothing, aggressive, clinical, statesmanlike. Liz went into hiding, Eddie and Debbie had a fight within earshot of newsmen ("What's the matter with you, anyway?" cried she). Everybody was retroactively psychoanalyzed—Eddie had never been close to his father, had always been wild, but now he felt guilty; Debbie was really domineering; Liz was too beautiful for her own good ("I've the body of a woman and the emotions of a child," she had said once in a moment of self-analysis).

As the drama developed from "misunderstanding via 'separation' to 'I'll file for divorce,'" the Greek chorus of the Hollywood columnists was in full chant. Hedda Hopper got through to Liz, and

Bea's Blast

As Turkish baths go, the establishment beneath London's Imperial Hotel in Russell Square is one of the best. From its Gothic galleries, stone monarchs and prophets (Queen Elizabeth I, Erasmus) have gazed through the steam at generations of bare, blimpish backsides. One night last week the steam rooms and massage parlors presented a shocking sight: crowds of people who were fully dressed, or almost. To celebrate the London premiere of *Antonie Mame*, starring Bea Lillie, Producer David Pelham had picked the Turkish bath as the logical place for a party. The result was as wacky a shindig as any the Madwoman of Beekman Place herself might have improvised.

Great blocks of ice were brought in to cool the pool, and enough pent-up steam was allowed to escape into the London air to sweat out a whole year's hangovers. The cavernous chambers were abustle with well-stacked nautch girls, brushing bar bellies with Indian waiters serving chappatties. The only washroom was carefully labeled "Co-educational—On Your Honor Please!" Behind the bar a lily-twined *mumeken-pis* arched a thoughtful stream at a stone deity's head that looked like many a guest would feel on the morning after. There were two dozen freshly made beds spotted strategically for the incapable or the incautious.

While a six-piece combo danced away, dukes and duchesses waltzed alongside Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Hollywood's Mike Romanoff. The dueling balletomaniacs, the Marquis de Cuevas and Serge Lifar, were almost friendly, and Angry Young Man John Osborne giggled at the fun. Dame Margot Fonteyn turned up along with Gracie Fields. At midnight, when Bea Lillie, alias Lady Peel, arrived, the party reached its peak. Someone peeled off his dinner jacket; someone else pushed him into the pool. A fully dressed couple staged an underwater race. The bar closed at 2 a.m., but 35 cases of whiskey, gin, beer, champagne, vodka, sherry had given the party enough momentum to last till 4.

There was only one thing wrong; everyone already knew that the British critics were dismissing *Antonie Mame* as a sad, soggy, American-style flop. But the party was (as even the British have learned to say) socko.

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MEDICINE

Vanishing Cancer

Attorney Frank Fowles, 66, is one of Utah's leading citizens. He owns a prosperous Ogden insurance business, has served 20 years in the state senate, is a potential candidate for Governor or Congress. These blessings are minor compared to the latest event in Fowles's life. Early this month his doctors revealed that Fowles had become one of medicine's real rarities—a case of spontaneous cancer regression.

The Operation. A sturdy, calm, active man, Fowles began to feel sick in November 1955. Symptoms: chest pains, short breath, chills and fever. His doctors diagnosed gallstones. Surgeons removed the stones at an Ogden hospital—but also found a spreading cancer in the liver. A postoperative tissue study confirmed the fact: Fowles had metastases throughout his liver and bile ducts from a primary malignancy of the pancreas. Patient Fowles was given no more than 90 days to live. His wife and four children were informed: he was told only that his gallstones had been successfully removed.

Returning to his busy life, Fowles felt healthy. The 90 days passed. "I thought there was something wrong with my wife," he recalls. "She seemed to be going to pieces, and I had no idea why."

Fowles did have one complaint: discomfort from a plastic tube leading out from his liver through an opening in the abdominal wall. His surgeon had installed it as a substitute bile duct during the operation, believing that continued can-

cer growth would require it. Fowles angrily agitated for its removal. Some 18 months after his first operation, the doctors agreed to "correct" the tube with surgery—and found all signs of cancer gone. "There wasn't a trace," they say. "We looked everywhere." Fifteen months later, there is still no evidence of cancer.

The Phenomenon. Since 1900 there have been only 120 proven cases of such spontaneous regression. Leading regressive cancers: neuroblastoma, a malignancy of the sympathetic nervous system that turns up chiefly in young children, and chorionepithelioma, a very rare malignancy of the placenta in pregnant women. Regression has been recorded only once in carcinoma of the liver, once in carcinoma of the pancreas.

The phenomenon is still a complete mystery. According to Surgeons Tilden C. Everson and Warren H. Cole, who have long studied it at the University of Illinois College of Medicine, there is no single cause, but there are likely combinations of causes. Some people may be able to develop antibodies against a possible cancer virus; others may have hormonal changes that are just right for killing cancer. Nutrition of cancer may also be reduced or regression may follow fever or acute infection. Such possibilities are all remote; but the fact that the body sometimes knows how to kill cancer may some day show the way to man.

The Suspect

Parents all over the U.S. one night last week looked at their children with uneasy wonder. Was it possible that a seemingly normal little boy of eight could murder his mother and father in their sleep?

In a brutally senseless crime two weeks ago, Dr. and Mrs. Melvin Nimer, both 31, were victims, it seemed plain, of a thug who invaded their Staten Island home (TIME, Sept. 15). Son Melvin Dean, 8, told police that he was awakened and choked in the night by a white-masked prowler. The child cried for his parents, who came running. Before both died of knife wounds, Loujean Nimer is reported to have told police that the prowler was "tall as my husband, same build" 15 ft. 7 in., 160 lbs.). In the public shock that followed, nobody got more sympathy than little (4 ft. 4½ in., 68 lbs.), orphaned Dean Nimer. Dean accompanied his parents' remains, his brother, 2, and sister, 5 months, back to relatives in Orem, Utah.

"I Think of Papa." Into the case swarmed more than 60 New York detectives, who questioned 1,000 people, including patients at the nearby U.S. Public Health Service Hospital, where promising Resident Surgeon Nimer began work two months before. But nothing clicked. No motive appeared; the house was not robbed, and how the prowler entered was unclear. Questioned repeatedly, little Dean told conflicting versions of the sequence of events. Some cops were struck by the boy's unusual intelligence; others by his



Associated Press

DEAN NIMER

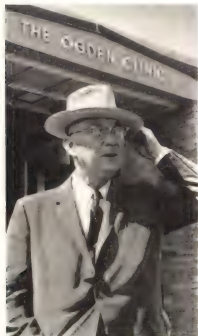
Maybe guilty. Certainly sick.

consistent lack of emotion. ("My mother and father's dead," he told one cop after the tragedy, and rode off on his bike.)

Last week the district attorney announced the shocking news—little Dean was the No. 1 suspect. He had made three separate "statements" ("I stabbed Dad first, then Mom"). He had planned the parricide, he said, while lying in bed several nights before. On the night of the crime, police said, Dean read an article in the Mormon magazine *Era* entitled "I Think of Papa." It was illustrated by gnarled hands peeling an apple with a knife, ended: "How priceless is the memory of a good father." Dean left his Boy Scout knife folded inside *Era*, then went to bed. Later, he told police, he stole downstairs for a kitchen knife, crept back up and killed his sleeping parents. Did his dying mother, then, pass on to the police Dean's own description of the "prowler"?

"Paranoid Schizophrenic." Despite his "statements," Dean was not arrested. New York law requires complete perception of a crime in children between seven and twelve. He was examined by the Staten Island Mental Health Center, which recommended "prolonged psychiatric care." The district attorney called the boy a "paranoid schizophrenic."

In Orem last week, his shocked and disbelieving relatives offered ample contrary evidence. To them, Dean was a happy, creative, intelligent child, who did unusually well in school, helped his mother with housework, went swimming with his father and haying with his beloved grandfather. The toil and discipline of getting through medical school made Dean's father a no-nonsense man, but the Nimers were conspicuously unquarrelsome. According to everyone, they were very happy people, and so too was Dean. The Orem pediatrician who examined



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him for five years called him robustly healthy; Utah's sole children's psychiatric clinic had never heard of Dean Nimer.

Different Boy. But this was not the Dean who went back to Orem for his parents' funeral. "Dean was a different boy," said one close adult relative. "He seemed to be in a trance, a state of shock. He didn't recognize some people."

What happened? Everywhere the questions swirled. Paranoid delusions seldom develop in children so young; schizophrenia can and does (though some psychiatrists disagree on the symptoms). There are usually signs long before illness is apparent: a predisposition to unsociability, passivity, withdrawal. Yet schizophrenia can also be hidden, then triggered by a demoralizing event, such as loss of a loved person or place ("reality"). The Nimers' decision to settle on Staten Island, far from Dean's beloved Orem, could have been such an event. But why paricide of both parents (and so loss of all security)? The "normal" parricidal pattern is murder of one parent, who threatens a close relationship between the child and the other parent.

Did Dean feel a smoldering hostility to his parents that he suddenly "acted out" all too realistically? Or did he simply identify himself with their murderer—after witnessing the terrifying event—because he felt like killing them?

Remanded to Bellevue Psychiatric Hospital, little Dean began a long period of intense psychiatric observation. A possible item on the agenda: putting a doll mother and a knife in his hands to see his reaction. Other tests will inevitably get at the truth of his "statements," which alone prove that whether he is a guilty boy or not, Dean Nimer is a very sick one.

100 Gray Years

London Surgeon Henry Gray, who died at 34 in 1881, won immortality with a book. Last week his *Gray's Anatomy* celebrated its 100th birthday with a fat new centenary issue that made young Dr. Gray look more alive than ever. Medical students round the world have for generations helped *Gray's* weight (now 6 lbs., 4 oz.) painfully leafed his pages (now 1,604) and paid his price (now \$18) in order to learn what Gray taught himself.

Gray never went to medical school, but at 23 he had picked up enough dissecting skill to become house surgeon at London's St. George's Hospital. At 25 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, spent the next six years putting together his book to furnish the student and the practitioner with an accurate view of the anatomy of the human body.

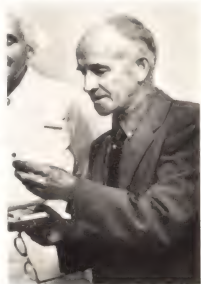
With Gray's own lucid structure and fine woodcuts by his hospital colleague, Dr. Henry Vandyke Carter, the first 750-page (3 lbs., 4 oz.) edition was a medical best-seller. *The British Medical Journal* quickly called it "The manual of anatomy," and it soon outsold the much-higher-priced standard work, Quain's *Anatomical Plates*.

Gray died of smallpox, contracted after treating it in his small nephew. But the

book had already given him the fame of a far older man. Today platoons of top physician-editors preside over every new edition, and like every healthy institution, it has markedly changed through the years. Gray might not recognize much of himself in the new *British* 32nd edition, but the structure is the same. The way Dr. Gray looked at the human body simply cannot be beaten.

The Stuff from Toronto

"If you can live until we get the new stuff from Toronto, we might save you," wrote the late Dr. H. Rawle Geyelin of New York's Presbyterian Hospital to a diabetic patient in the summer of 1922. The new stuff was insulin, just produced by Toronto's young Dr. Frederick Banting (with Medical Student Charles Best), who



Warner Wolf—Black Star

PATIENT KOHL

He was a 95-lb. weakling.

got the idea one sleepless night after trying to get his mind on a 28-day lack of patients.

Last week Dr. Geyelin's patient, Fruit Farmer Russell Kohl, 66, of Newburgh, N.Y., celebrated his 36th year of useful life through insulin. Patient Kohl first developed diabetes at 23, was not properly diagnosed for five years. He lost 33 lbs. and weighed only 65 lbs. when a physician finally spotted his ailment and gave Kohl three months to live. Then came Dr. Geyelin's momentous letter.

As one of the first U.S. insulin receivers, Kohl soon snapped back to life. He has since received more than 40,000 injections (now one or two a day). But Kohl hardly notices his ailment. Calling himself "semi-retired," he works ten hours a day caring for 25 acres of apples, plums, pears and cherries that he farms himself. It is unlikely that diabetes will ever stop him. Since the new stuff came from Toronto, the diabetes mortality rate has sharply declined from as much as 40% in severe types to as little as 2%.



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SPORT

Gem of the Ocean

She was superb: her losses mostly had to be marked off to crew mistakes, and her victories largely came from her built-in speed. Sleek and sturdy, white-hulled *Columbia* was clearly the fastest boat throughout the elimination trials to pick a defender for the America's Cup. Last week she won two of three races from 19-year-old *Vim*, her final opponent, and the selection committee judged *Columbia* the gem of the ocean, fit to meet Britain's *Sceptre* this weekend in the start of the four-out-of-seven series that will be raced alternately over triangular and windward-leeward courses ten miles off Newport, R.I. (see map).

Columbia won her deciding race without the help of canny Conny Shields, the 63-year-old grey fox of Long Island Sound, who quit his advisory role to whip her crew into shape and to take the helm himself for the final trials (TIME, Sept. 15). Shields stepped aside because of the strain on his ailing heart, but at week's end was hopefully determined to race against *Sceptre* as a relief helmsman to famed Yacht and Auto Racer Briggs Cunningham, 51, *Columbia's* regular skipper. And the cockpit crew will be completed by the retiring, reticent intellectual who is most responsible for *Columbia's* basic speed: Designer Olin Stephens, 50, world's best yacht architect.

Heavy Weather. As the designer of the 19-year-old *Vim*, until this summer the finest 12-meter yacht in the world, Stephens had a good head start when he settled down last winter to create the 12-meter *Columbia*. The new boat posed special problems. In the summer, when the trials would be run, the breezes off Newport can be as soft as a whisper, but in September, cup race time, freshening winds often turn the waters into a white-capped obstacle course.

The design Stephens finally picked, after long sessions with seven models in

the testing tanks at Hoboken's Stevens Institute of Technology, shows he had his weather eye cocked more on September than on summer. "*Columbia* differs from *Vim* only in a matter of inches," says he. But inches are as vital to a racing hull as to a fashion model. *Columbia's* bow sweeps gracefully into a full-bodied hull—a shape that helps her go swiftly to windward against a running sea. Stephens' calculations show that *Columbia* should do her best in the heavy weather that often blows off Newport in late September.

To this basic design Stephens added the lightest equipment money could buy, e.g., an extruded aluminum mast, was thereby able to put the boat's weight where it would do the most good: a 20-ton keel to keep *Columbia* from heeling excessively under a stiff wind. So carefully did Precisionist Stephens figure his boat's total weight that he even weighed the paper drinking cups and the Tollhouse cookies that went aboard. He added sails for every kind of weather—four mainsails, twelve jibs, eight spinnakers. When he was done, the *Columbia's* syndicate, headed by Financier Henry Sears, had a majestic 69-ft., 7-in. overall racing machine, and a bill of some \$400,000.

Blue-Water Racer. Ever since he learned to sail as a boy on Cape Cod, Designer Stephens has shown the same loving and calculating care for boats. Son of a prosperous Bronx cod dealer, he completed one year at M.I.T. got jaundice, never went back to college. Instead, he studied ship design so thoroughly by himself that when he was only 10 Marine Architect Drake H. Sparkman asked him to form a partnership. Later, Architect W. Starling Burgess invited Stephens to collaborate on the J-Boat *Ranger*, the fastest yacht in history,* which defended the America's Cup in 1937.

* *Ranger* was 87 ft. long on the water line, 112 ft. overall, and faster than any 12-meter because of her size.



Tom Polakbaum—SPORT ILLUSTRATED
DESIGNER STEPHENS

An inch here, an ounce there.

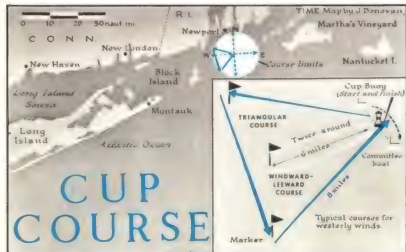
Stephens was 22 when he took a vacation from his drawing board and, with his father and brother Rod as crew members, astounded the blue-water racers by skippering his 52-ft. yawl *Dorade* to victory in a transatlantic race to England. The experience helped him go on to design deep-keeled, fast cruising yawls with flashy racing lines, such as *Baruna* and *Bolero*, and the shallow-keeled, sturdy *Finisterre*, that came to dominate blue-water racing against schooners and ketches.

Shy and modest, Stephens at 50 still looks much like a college sophomore with his horn-rimmed glasses and wind-swept shock of blond hair. In recent years he has left the family sailing much to gregarious Rod, instead spends his spare time painting or studying French and philosophy. Explains his wife: "He likes yachting people, understand. He just thinks there are other serious things in his life."

Britain's Best

The men stayed politely apart by themselves. Their working day stretched from 7:30 in the morning until 5:30 at night. With such determination, the ten-man British crew at Newport last week groomed *Sceptre* to challenge the U.S.'s *Columbia* for the 107-year-old America's Cup.

Like *Columbia*, *Sceptre* was financed by a syndicate, eleven members of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes. She was also designed for heavy weather. In trial runs, *Sceptre* looked her best when fighting to windward in a running sea. Free to move fast and safely in her yawning cockpit, her crewmen could put their stabilizing weight where it was needed. But some British experts were grumbling that Scottish Designer David Boyd, 55, had made *Sceptre* too rugged. With a foot less waterline length (45 ft. v. 44 ft.), *Sceptre's* displacement is 68,000 lbs. compared to 56,800 for *Columbia*. While *Columbia's*





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In the last five years, Japan has doubled steel capacity, tripled chemical output, and doubled total industrial production. She now leads the world in shipbuilding—producing more than a quarter of the world's new tonnage—and in fishing—which is vital for food as well as for export.

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how knives through waves at the waterline, *Sceptre* bashes them with her barrel chest. Even British Helmsman Graham Mann guardedly admitted: "If she has a bias, it's toward the heavy side."

Just as rugged as *Sceptre* is her crew of ten regulars and seven alternates, hand-picked from among Britain's best sailors after spring tryouts. Skipper Stan Bishop, 56, a professional yacht captain and a lieutenant commander in the Royal Navy during World War II, won his job by disconcertingly outailing *Sceptre* in trials off Cowes, at the wheel of a pacer yacht, *Ecoine*. Glamour boy is husky Helmsman Mann, 34, a blond bachelor lieutenant commander, whose nose is gloriously bent from a schooldays boxing match. A friend of the Duke of Edinburgh, Mann was once sailing master for the royal family, finished third in the 1956 Olympics 5.5-meter-class competition.

Says Helmsman Mann: "I think the boats are about even." If *Sceptre* becomes the first British boat to beat the U.S. since *America* first won the cup in 1851, he is prepared. As extra cargo, *Sceptre's* crew brought along a special box just big enough to hold the America's Cup.

Charlie's the Name

The big 21-year-old kid from Georgia waited politely while his opponent for the next day's finals of the 1958 National Amateur golf championship toiled up the steep climb from the 18th hole. "I'm Tommy Aaron, Mr. Coe," he said. "I'm going to play you tomorrow."

Wearily, Coe shook hands and managed his first smile of the day. "Charlie's my name," he said. "You make me feel old calling me mister."

For pencil-thin (6 ft., 140 lbs.) Charlie Coe, 34, the whole week had been painfully tiring. Trudging over the tough, 6,680-yd. Lake Course at San Francisco's Olympic Club, the Oklahoma oil broker rested on a shooting stick between each stroke, burying his face in his hands and moodily wondering how to get his drives out of the rough and his putts into the hole. Still, the 1949 Amateur champ and veteran Walker Cupper somehow got through each round, finally defeated Ohio Blapack Salesman Roger McManus 3 and 2 on the 34th hole to make it to the finals.

For Tommy Aaron, playing in his first National Amateur, the week was as refreshing as a breeze off the nearby Pacific. Virtually unknown outside of the South, the University of Florida senior had nothing to lose and everything to win, and he played that way. Tall and rangy (6 ft., 2 in., 185 lbs.), he banged out drives of 250 yards, cussed his putts with ease and never trailed an opponent, including Quarter Finalist Dick Chapman, former U.S. (1940) and British (1951) Amateur champ. "The greens are like billiard tables," chuckled Tommy. "All you have to do is start the ball rolling and it goes right into the hole."

When young Aaron started the ball rolling the next day in the finals, he looked like a winner. He was two up after eleven holes. Coe confessed to being



GOLFER COE
He sat down between strokes.

"mentally fatigued" and looked worn-out physically. But Charlie Coe has the stuff of a champ. Doggedly he put his swing back in joint, and poured on the pressure. By the 26th hole, the Georgia kid was three-putting greens, wallowing in sandtraps, ricocheting off trees. Coe eased his aching bones home to win, 3 and 4, by dropping a 25-ft. putt on the 32nd green. "I'm a lot tougher than most people think," said Champion Charlie Coe.

Scoreboard

¶ Hunting in Alaska's rugged Kenai Peninsula, an Anchorage editor named Glenn B. Walker shot a mouse that seemed to stand as high as the moon, wrestled the antlers back to civilization to learn that the 81-in. spread outspanned the claimed world record of 75½ in.

¶ With his usual blend of control, curves and craft, aging (37) Southpaw Warren Spahn of the pennant-bound Milwaukee Braves defeated the St. Louis Cardinals, 8-2, for his 20th win of the season (against ten losses), thereby became the first major-league lefthander ever to win 20 or more games for nine seasons.

¶ With calm efficiency, the New York Yankees dispatched the Kansas City Athletics, 5-3, to clinch the American League pennant, their fourth in a row and their tenth in the last twelve seasons, settled back for two relaxed weeks before next month's World Series.

¶ Already the youngest player ever to win the U.S. chess championship, Brooklyn's 15-year-old Bobby Fischer (TIME, March 24) became the youngest International Grand Master ever named by the International Chess Federation after finishing in a creditable fifth-place tie against some of the world's best players in the interzone tournament in Yugoslavia, qualified for next year's matches to select a challenger for Russia's World Champion Mikhail Botvinnik.

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EDUCATION

The Idea of Freedom

Ever since Protagoras brandished the philosophical motto that "man is the measure of all things," thus declaring man's personal freedom an unlimited absolute, sages and philosophers have been fascinated with the idea of freedom. Today, after some 2,500 years, the idea remains just as vital and just as fascinating.

It is not surprising that Mortimer J. Adler, who has repeatedly plunged himself into the thorniest problems of education, should tackle this ancient theme. Already as a Columbia undergraduate, Adler nagged philosophy professors by exposing

of one of the basic 102: *The Idea of Freedom* (Doubleday; \$7.50).

With a staff of more than 20 scholars, Adler pored over the works of hundreds of Western thinkers, says that he has made his selection without prejudice, lets each writer speak as a contemporary in a conversation that began with Protagoras. His avowed purpose, neither agreement nor evaluation, was to bring great minds together. The only initial agreement that he could find among them was that "they all attribute [freedom] to man and agree that it has reality and meaning in human life."

Then There Were Three. But as each of his protagonists is analyzed down to what Adler considers his fundamental position, only three basic views on freedom emerge though, within each, violent arguments may continue to erupt. The first, what Adler calls the freedom of "self-realization," relates freedom to circumstances: a man is free if he can actually live as he desires. This is the position of Hobbes, for example, who views all laws as an infringement upon freedom. The second basic definition of freedom characterizes it as an acquired state of mind, and Adler dubs those who uphold it the self-perfectionists. Epictetus, who was once a slave but considered his spirit free, would fall under this category. The third position, which Adler calls the "natural freedom of self-determination," is defined as an individual's ability to determine for himself—though not necessarily to carry out—what he wishes to do or to become. Category No. 3 varies from No. 2 since it is not a moral state of mind, but a project of action (example: existentialism). Political liberty, it turns out, is nothing more than a variant of circumstantial self-realization, since "the individual's possession of it depends on his having a certain status, bestowed on him by the state, rather than upon his having a certain state of character or mind resulting from his own moral development."

Common Ground. Though there are three basic categories of freedom, Adler writes, they are nevertheless joined through some common elements. Each involves ability, he it to act as one wishes, to will as one ought, or to "decide creatively the course of one's life or action." All aim at some "desired result." All present man as master, inwardly or outwardly, of himself. Thus, Adler concludes, in each of the three categories, "a man is free who has in himself the ability or power whereby he can make what he does his own action and what he achieves his own property."

The author's claim of impartiality might not satisfy all readers because selection itself is a judgment, and he calls favorite witnesses to the stand time and again. Nevertheless, Adler has made a bold attempt to bring one great idea into focus, and he has done the job with flair and daring, enabling readers to eavesdrop on a noble and captivating conversation.

Student Prince

Surrounded by 3,000 cheering African subjects, Prince Karim, the Aga Khan IV, 21-year-old spiritual leader of 10 million Moslems, dedicated a new Nairobi hospital one day last week, then quietly announced his intention to return to Harvard. Before the end of his junior year, he had taken a leave of absence to attend the stricken Aga Khan III, then assumed the throne when his grandfather died in July 1957. Now, said he, "I decided I should lose no opportunity to equip myself for the future."

Harvard will welcome his return. Karim had been a good student. Like his younger brother Ameen, a junior this year, the prince had made the dean's list. One of



AUTHOR ADLER*
Back to Protagoras.

Ferenc Borla

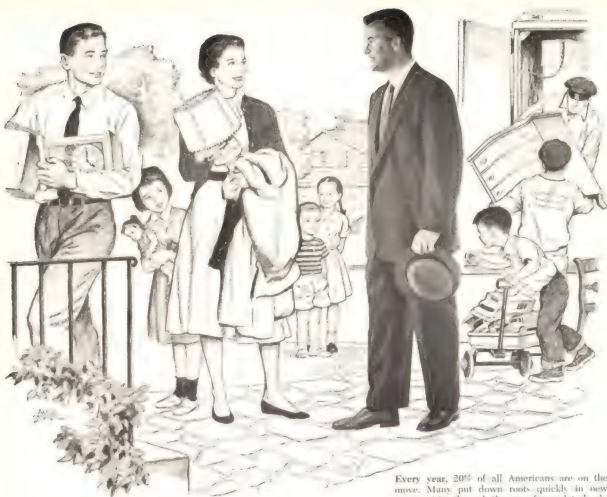


Stanley D'Souza-Lorr
THE AGA KHAN IV
Back to Harvard.

certain of their contradictions, snubbed revered Educator John Dewey by spoofing pragmatism as bits of useful information at the price of wisdom. As a philosophy professor, he campaigned against universities' traditional system of departmentalization and specialization. As an author, he tried to summarize (in his *The Great Ideas—a Syntopicon*) the history of Western thought (to be found in the Hutchins- and Adler-edited *Great Books of the Western World*), to reduce man's search for wisdom to 102 basic ideas. For the last six years, as director of the Institute for Philosophical Research in San Francisco, Generalizer Adler has continued to specialize in reductions, seeking to shrink the unlimited seas of ideas into a fathomable pool of definitions. Now, in the first of two fat volumes, Adler offers the beginning of an exhaustive dissection

his roommates was Adlai Stevenson's youngest son, John Fell, who said: "His friendship is loyal and thoughtful, and he gives more than he takes."

But at Harvard, where snobbery is by brains and not by blood, the Aga Khan IV will be just another student, or, as young Stevenson wrote, just "K" as we soon came to call Karim. Indeed, the Harvard Yard has seen many princes come and go, without fuss, sometimes even without remembering them. In 1912 Prince Jaisin Rao, son of the Gaekwar of Baroda, got a Harvard bachelor's degree, and in 1928 Prince Somdet Chao Fa Mahidol won his M.D. from the Harvard medical school. It was while the prince was a student at Harvard that his son, Phumphon Aduldet, the present King of Thailand, was born in Cambridge—perhaps the only king born in the U.S. But these are recorded facts, nothing more. The legends are few, the tall tales rare.



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DUFF GORDON

Itemized

The New Orleans Times-Picayune Publishing Co., owner of the morning *Times-Picayune* (circ. 189,758) and afternoon *States* (circ. 101,016), this week merged David Stern's ailing, 81-year-old *Item* (circ. 101,604) with the *States*, turning New Orleans into the nation's biggest city (pop. 570,445) to have a newspaper monopoly.

Kopeck Thriller

"Two of the men held revolvers to the frightened faces. The third undressed us. In two minutes we were in our underwear. Her whole body quivering, she grabbed my arm and dragged me upstairs..."

In the officially prudish Soviet Union, where every word destined for print is eyed heavily for salaciousness as well as political error, these winky words had as much chance of escaping notice as a nudist at a fashion show. Worse yet, they appeared in *T.S. 41*, *From an Intelligence Agent's Notebook*, a shoot-'em-up spy story in the Schoolchild's Library series published by the staid D.O.S.A.A.F. (Volunteer Society for Aiding the Army, Air Force and Navy). "Check your children's library," thundered the *Literary Gazette*, official organ of the Soviet Writers' Union, in a review last week. "Even if you do not find the book in it, do not get complacent. Go around to the bookshops and buy all the copies you see and burn all the ones you buy. Get your friends to do the same."

But the *Gazette* howled in vain. The entire edition of *T.S. 41*—160,000 copies—was snapped up by discerning readers weeks ago. Everywhere Russian kids were reading it, their eyes glued to such feverish lines as:

"Tanya urged me to stay overnight. Without waiting for my consent she jumped up from the table, gave me an ardent kiss and began to undress. I turned out the lamp and also got undressed..."

Shift at the Gazette

Harry Ashmore, the Arkansas editor who last year belittled Little Rock could and should comply with the Supreme Court decision for school desegregation, saw the conflict in a different light last week. "There is no way for the time being at least," wrote the executive editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*, "to obtain such compliance."

Never an integrationist, Editor Ashmore won a 1958 Pulitzer Prize for his protests against the Little Rock mob and the way it was goaded into lawlessness by Governor Orval Faubus. "The people of Little Rock," he wrote a year ago, "will not allow a tiny, militant minority to take over Central High School and run it under mob rule." *Gazette* circulation dropped from 99,573 to 88,068, while the pro-Faubus *Arkansas Democrat* took up the



EDITOR ASHMORE.
"This is a dead end."

slack. Ashmore refused to be bullied, and an attempted advertising boycott failed.

As to reasons for his new look, Ashmore explained that "deterioration in public opinion" could only result in irreparable damage to the public-school system. "I was trying," he said, "to head off a showdown between the state and federal governments—because no one could win it. They can use force to bring about integration, but if they do, it will require force of such degree that it will disrupt public education for a long time to come. I guess what I'm saying is that I see this as a dead end."

Culture on the Horizon

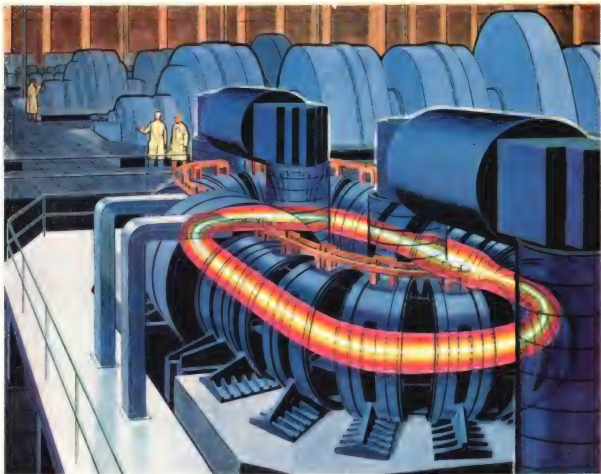
By the usual definition, the nation's newest magazine is no magazine at all. It has a hard vermilion cover, 48 color pictures, and not even a breath of an ad. Setting for itself the boundless task of scanning all the arts, book-priced (\$3.95 in bookstores), *Horizon* is lavish, brash, wide-ranging.

Lighting up the first *Horizon*'s 152 pages this week are capacious musical memories of Composer Igor Stravinsky, an exuberant, perkily illustrated survey of pioneer ballooning, and 16 pages of photographs suggesting the glory of the earth's creation. Energetically but less successfully, *Horizon* embraces such ho-hum items as a spoof on wine snobbery, a mystique-ridden study of why men climb mountains. It also carries a long-winded sneer at the Beat Generation, including abstract expressionist painters. But in another article it acknowledges that Abstract Painter Willem de Kooning is among the nation's bestsellers.

The magazine's jaunty chiefs—Editor Joseph J. Thorndike Jr. and Publisher James Parton—see no clouds on their

News from the International Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy

Test track for new research in nuclear fusion power



GENEVA, SWITZERLAND. A model of this unique "test track" for nuclear fusion research is fascinating scientists here. Called the "C Stellarator," it promises to be a significant step toward the generation of useful power from controlled thermonuclear reactions. Inside the racetrack-shaped tube you see here, isotopes of hydrogen gas (derived from the waters of the world) will be confined by massive magnetic forces and heated to millions

of degrees . . . to obtain knowledge for initiating and controlling nuclear fusion reactions for useful electrical power. Princeton University scientists developed this concept . . . and working with the Atomic Energy Commission, chose Allis-Chalmers and the Radio Corporation of America to engineer and build the complex equipment required for the full-scale Stellarator facility. Allis-Chalmers, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.

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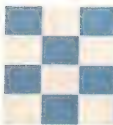
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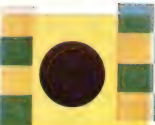
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Horizon. Says Managing Editor William Harlan Hale, Yaleman, biographer of Horace Greeley, onetime (1934-35) *Fortune* writer: "There appears to be a greater and greater inclination on the part of the public to sample the fruits of civilization. Other magazines fulfill bits and pieces of this hunger but none devotes itself entirely to the whole vast need." Catering to U.S. cultural hunger comes easily to *Horizon*. Its parent is the bustling American Heritage Publishing Co. (*TIME*, Feb. 17), which overhauled the little-known historical quarterly, *American Heritage*, in 1954, saw it soar as a bright new bimonthly to a circulation of more than 300,000. Unlike *Heritage*, which was begun on an initial investment of



FIRST "HORIZON"
Off and soaring.

Ben Muth

\$65,000, *Horizon* blossomed forth after a ripe overture of expensive flourishes and drum pounding.

So far, *Horizon's* backers, using *Heritage* profits, have spent more than \$370,000 in promotion, mailed more than 3,000,000 brochures to English teachers, art-book buyers, charge-account customers at quality department stores, subscribers to the Book-of-the-Month Club, *Heritage*, the *Saturday Review* and *Harper's*, and a list broker's miscellaneous collection of 500,000 "cultured individuals." The result: before publication, *Horizon* said it had 145,000 takers (for a press run of 225,000 copies) at \$15 for the year's six issues. \$3 less than the regular subscription price. *Horizon* estimates its break-even point at 110,000 subscribers.

Next Question

It was one of those what's-on-your-mind questions, and it scored. "What," asked New York *Daily News* Inquiring Photographer Jimmy Jemal, "has been the effect on you of the recent scare stories relating smoking with lung cancer?" "Rather than give up smoking, I can't wait to change my name," answered blonde College Student Barbara Butkis.

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ART

Pathfinder Sculptor

Standing isolated in the bleak industrial flats of Long Island City, across Bowers Bay from La Guardia Airport, is the Modern Art Foundry. Inside, the walls glow as roaring furnaces melt ingots of bronze, and the air is scented with the churchlike smell of resin and wax dripping from the handmade kilns. There last week stood the man whom many U.S. and European critics rank as one of the top two or three sculptors in the world: stocky, blue-eyed Jacques Lipchitz, 67.

For Sculptor Lipchitz, the dust, bedlam and smoke of a foundry are the breath of life—coming after the long, arduous hours of clay modeling in his studio a few miles away on the Hudson. "How I love it," he exclaims. "A foundry is out of time, out of space; it is 7,000 years ago and now." To the foundry workers, Lipchitz is a hard taskmaster. "What interests me now is to find new paths," he says, and hands them yet another casting problem. But it is just this drive that leads Britain's Sir Herbert Read (who ranks Lipchitz with such sculptors as Henry Moore, Jean Arp, Brancusi and Giacometti) to say: "From the early days of cubism to the present, Lipchitz has been in the forefront. He has extended the whole conception and technique of bronze casting."

Just how daring Lipchitz is in breaking new trails, European gallerygoers are now excitedly discovering. On tour is Lipchitz' biggest retrospective show, 116 sculptures covering nearly half a century's work. "One has to go back to Rodin and beyond that to Michelangelo to be able to match this experience," raved one Rotterdam critic. Dutch Sculptor Leo Braat said, "This work is anything but a play of forms; it is an act of faith, a revelation." In Basel, Switzerland, where the exhibition opened last month, critics greeted Lipchitz as "the greatest cubist among sculptors." Ahead for the show lie Munich, Dortmund, Brussels, Rome, Paris, London.

Kid Cubist. When, at 18, Lipchitz first arrived in Paris from his birthplace in Lithuania, his taste was for the classic Greeks. His early works won the praise of the aging Rodin. Then Mexican Painter Diego Rivera took him to Montmartre to meet Picasso. Soon Lipchitz was the kid cubist, friend of Painter Juan Gris and Patron Gertrude Stein, and flat broke.

Down and out in Paris, Lipchitz worked hard at producing the sculptures that are now his most widely esteemed work. Sal-

vation came one day when the rent was nine months' overdue. Merion, Pa. Modern Art Collector Dr. Albert Barnes (inventor of Argyrol) arrived at Lipchitz' studio, bought eight stone carvings, and commissioned five more.

Back from the Crystal. Lipchitz soon found he could no more stay in pure cubism than could Picasso. His earlier experiment with simplifying forms to pure abstractions had turned into a dead end, a kind of slow death by crystallization. Lipchitz decided to reverse the process. "from a crystal build a man, a woman, a child," Lipchitz' sculpture began to take strange new and powerful forms. His first attempts to find a new abstract plastic language culminated in *Figure* (see opposite page). Then he went back to Greek mythology and Old Testament themes for inspiration, gave them a monumental treatment. The result of this trend was his largest work, a 33-ft.-tall *Prometheus Strangling the Vulture*, made for the Paris International Exhibition of 1937.

With the fall of France, Lipchitz abandoned his Le Corbusier-designed studio in the Paris suburb of Boulogne-sur-Seine,

set up his first studio on Manhattan's Washington Square. To embody his anguish over the European blood bath, he created his most grotesque and powerful sculpture, *Mother and Child*, showing a legless woman, arms raised, with a child clutching her neck. A trip back to Paris after the war convinced Lipchitz that he had become more American than French, but he returned with one of his most important commissions.

"But I Am a Jew." France's famed modern art patron, Father Marie-Alain Couturier, asked Lipchitz to make a Virgin for the church at Assy (TIME, June 20, 1949). Lipchitz' first reaction: "But don't you know I am a Jew?" Answered Father Couturier, a Dominican monk: "If it doesn't disturb you, it doesn't disturb me." When he had finished the work,* Lipchitz signed it with his name and fingerprint, then added his dedication using his given name: "Jacob Lipchitz, Jew, faithful to the religion of his ancestors, has made this Virgin for the better understanding of men on earth so that the spirit may prevail."

With major commissions and a new life beginning, Lipchitz received a body blow that would have stopped lesser men. On the night of Jan. 5, 1952, his studio with most of his master casts, his own collection of modern French paintings and primitive sculpture, went up in flames. "Part of my life is gone," he said. "I shall simply have to start all over again." He began building up his statues from memory, ordered a brand-new studio in Hastings-on-Hudson, overlooking the Palisades.

Now happily settled down with his second wife, Yulla, and nine-year-old daughter Lolya Rachael, Lipchitz spends long hours creating sculptures that, judging from past experience, will not win widespread praise until a decade from now. Sample for Philadelphia's Fairmount Park: a monumental (12 ft. tall, 8 tons) sculpture of "a farseeing pioneer guided by an eagle," called *Spirit of Enterprise*. Lipchitz guesses that it will be greeted as rough, powerful, original—but not pretty. "Everyone knows that I know what is beautiful and what is harmonious," he explains. "But I have come to an age where I don't care about it. I haven't time to perfect things I'm finding. I'm making sacrifices in order to enlarge the horizon which is sculpture."

* A second casting is now on its way to the Scottish Abbey on Iona, a third will go to a shrine in New Harmony, Ind., designed by Architect Philip Johnson.



LIPCHITZ & "VIRGIN" IN HASTINGS STUDIO

Photographs by Hans Hinz



HEAD OF GERICAULT was made in 1933. Lipchitz modeled it from death mask of early 19th century French painter admired by sculptor.



FIGURE, bronze totem, is more than 7 ft. tall, weighs 1,500 lbs. Sculptor had it cast five times for clients in U.S. and Europe.

MOTHER AND CHILDREN, done in 1914, is 28-in. bronze in semi-cubist style of subject that is one of Lipchitz' favorites.



RELIGION

Praying for a Prize

The man who buys a lottery ticket and prays to God to win may be a better Christian than the man who frowns on this as sinful, said a Dominican priest last week. The Dutch Reformed Church Synod on Public Immorality in Transvaal, South Africa had condemned lotteries as dishonest, and warned that "calling on God to satisfy our own selfish desires through the medium of lotteries and gambling is profanity and a sacrilege." Father Gerard Marie Antonius Jansen snapped back in the Afrikaans-language Catholic magazine, *Die Brug* (The Bridge): "What appears to us as chance or coincidence is no coincidence to God. . . . Someone who prays to God to allow him to win a prize in order that he may take better care of his family is not by any means a profaner, but recognizes that God may also make use of 'coincidence' in furtherance of his plan for the world."

God & Taxes

For the past ten years, the Rev. Maurice McCrackin, Presbyterian pastor of Cincinnati's St. Barnabas Church, has refused to pay all of his federal income tax—since last he has not even filed a return. His defense: Christian principle. As a pacifist, he declines to contribute to armaments by paying taxes. Last week the feds came for Non-Taxpayer McCrackin.

A deputy U.S. marshal and two Internal Revenue agents found him sitting in his car in front of Findlay Street Neighborhood House, a recreational center for slum children that he heads. When they

told McCrackin to come along, he refused to budge. They lifted him out of his car and he refused to walk. So they carried gangling Pastor McCrackin to their own automobile, drove him to the Federal Building, carried him into the elevator (where he sat on the floor), and carried him first into the marshal's office, then into the tax commissioner's office. They carried him back to the marshal's office, where they asked him to sign a form that would enable them to release him temporarily. Again McCrackin refused to cooperate and the arm-weary officials toted him into a detention cell, where he stretched out on a cot.

A few hours later he was ordered released anyway, pending a hearing. "You carried me in here, now carry me out," said McCrackin. "Aw, come on, man, be reasonable," said the Law. And Pacifist McCrackin got back on his feet and walked.

Christianity & Law

Must Christian lawyers compromise their religious principles? Do they have special problems of conscience? To discuss such questions, 226 lawyers, judges, law students, theologians and seminarians met at the University of Chicago last week for U.S. Protestantism's first major conference on Christianity and the law.

Sparkplug and chairman of the four-day conference was young Manhattan Lawyer F. William Stringfellow, 30, a graduate of Harvard Law School ('56), who, after visiting 30 law schools during the past year, became convinced that faculty members are disturbed by the excessive pragmatism of U.S. legal education.



ATTORNEY STRINGFELLOW
Must lawyers feel guilty?

"The conviction is growing," he says, "that the law should not be isolated from other disciplines." Episcopalian Stringfellow merges his own Christian concern so thoroughly with his profession that he lives and works in an East Harlem tenement section, practicing criminal law in order to "share the burdens of other men."

Most of the lawyers at the conference were much interested in problems of practical legal ethics, such as those set forth in a "dialogue address" between Chicago Attorney John Mulder (a Presbyterian) and Karl Olsson, minister (Evangelical Covenant Church) and professor of church history at North Park Theological Seminary. Lawyer Mulder submitted a case history for moral scrutiny: three hoodlums tell the owner of a gas station that they will protect him from broken windows and sugar in his gas for \$200 a year, and the owner asks his lawyer whether he should pay. "We have here," said Mulder, "a neat issue of trying to serve the interests of the client and at the same time trying to . . . uphold the law. As a practical matter, he cannot look to law enforcement agencies to protect him against the hoodlums." Therefore, Attorney Mulder concluded, "a policy of expediency can be morally justified"—that is, the owner may pay, if he will also try to work for better law enforcement.

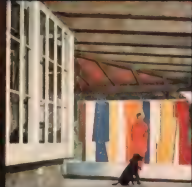
Professor Olsson wanted to know about the lawyer's conscience. "Are you suggesting," he asked, "that the Christian lawyer all his life is sentenced to living with an anguished conscience?" Replied Lawyer Mulder: "Yes, I am. . . . I feel a sense of despair at what can happen to his spirit as he tries to balance the obligations to the moral law and to his client."

In an address on Christ and the law, the Rev. Markus Barth, son of Swiss Theologian Karl Barth and a member of Chicago University's Federated Theological Faculty, developed the same theme. "Law-



PASTOR MCCRACKIN & FEDS
Must Christians pay taxes?

Associated Press



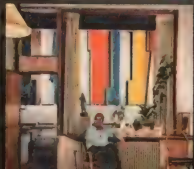
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yers feel much more exposed to a conflict of conscience than most other people," he said. Some try to "keep their hands clean by becoming office lawyers," in hopes of escaping the "dirty work that might involve their own consciences." But "since Christ interceded for sinners," said Barth, "Christian lawyers therefore obey Christ's fulfilled law by pleading for sinners—that they may live and receive what is right for their salvation under God. This means that the Christian lawyer is duty bound to take hopeless cases, as Christ did for all."

Lewis on the Psalms

When Clive Staples Lewis, an England's top amateur theologian, reread the psalms, he was bothered by the cursing. In 1909, for instance, the palmist prays that an ugly man may rule over his enemy



John Murray

C. S. LEWIS
Cursing can be useful.

and that Satan may stand at his right hand, that his enemy's "prayers be turned into sin," that the enemy's days be few and his job be given to someone else, that when he is dead his orphans be beggars, that no one should pity him, and that God always remember against him the sins of his parents. Even more "devilish," says Anglican Lewis, is the verse in the beautiful 137th Psalm in which "a blessing is pronounced on anyone who will snatch up a Babylonian baby and beat its brains out against the pavement."

What, asks Lewis, are Christians to make of such vitriol? In his provocative chatty *Reflections on the Psalms* (Harcourt Brace: \$3.75), the wise and witty Oxford don argues that such embarrassments should not simply be ignored. Remembering that all Holy Scripture is "written for our learning" and that "Our Lord's mind and language were clearly steeped in the Psalter," Lewis prefers to make "some use" of the curses. One of their uses, he found, is to call attention to the same hatreds in modern man's

own heart—"we are, after all, blood brothers to these ferocious, self-pitying, barbaric men." Another use: they serve as a reminder that the higher one is, the more one is in danger of falling. "The Jews sinned in this matter worse than the Pagans not because they were further from God but because they were nearer to Him. For the Supernatural, entering a human soul, opens to it new possibilities both of good and evil. From that point the road branches: one way to sanctity, love, humility, the other to spiritual pride, self-righteousness, persecuting zeal. . . . If the Divine call does not make us better, it will make us very much worse. Of all bad men religious had men are the worst." Finally, says Lewis, the violently angry passages of the psalms evoke God's implacable anger toward sin (if not toward the sinner); the "relentlessness of the Psalmists" is at least preferable to moral indifference masquerading as charity.

Risky Claim. Lewis also noticed the psalms' attitude toward God's judgment of men. Christians tremble at the thought (or should). Judgment Day is "that day of wrath, that dreadful day." But the psalmists looked forward to it joyfully. The reason for the difference, says Lewis, is that "the Christian pictures the case to be tried as a criminal case with himself in the dock; the Jew pictures it as a civil case with himself as the plaintiff. The one hopes for acquittal, or rather for pardon; the other hopes for a resounding triumph with heavy damages."

The claim to be right is spiritually risky—"it leads into that typically Jewish prison of self-righteousness which our Lord so often terribly rebuked." But we have no right to assume "that the Psalmists are deceived or lying when they assert that, as against their particular enemies at some particular moment, they are completely in the right. Their voices while they say so may grate harshly on our ear and suggest to us that they are an unamiable people. But . . . to be wronged does not commonly make people amiable."

Wanted: Pariahs. The psalms condemn not only doing evil, but also consenting to it, and this is a precept C.S. Lewis feels is sadly in the discard today. "It may be asked," he writes, "whether that state of society in which rascality undergoes no social penalty is a healthy one; whether we should not be a happier country if certain important people were pariahs as the hangman once was—blackballed at every club, dropped by every acquaintance, and liable to the print of riding-crop or fingers across the face if they were ever bold enough to speak to a respectable woman."

In fact, one of the troubles of the times may be that people take too little of the law into their own hands—"There seems now no medium between hopeless submission and full-dress revolution. Rioting has died out, moderate rioting. It can be argued that if the windows of various ministries and newspapers were more often broken, if certain people were more often put under pumps and mildly—mud not stones! pelted in the streets, we should get on a great deal better."



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MUSIC

Debut in Florence

Aspiring opera singers in the U.S., are in a predicament similar to that of aspiring comedians: they have a hard time getting onto a musical borscht circuit where they can develop their vocal patter. A year ago, an opera-loving Cincinnati ad-man named John L. Magro decided to remedy the situation, organized American Operatic Auditions, Inc. Its purpose: to hunt down fresh operatic talent for a summer of seasoning in Italy. Winners would get round-trip fare to Italy and a living allowance, free coaching in Milan and a crack at singing professionally on Italian opera stages. Last week five of the first batch of eight winners (four sopranos, one tenor, two baritones, one bass) had a chance to show off their talents in a student production of *La Bohème* in Florence's famed Teatro della Pergola.

The winners (winnowed from 1,000 applicants) were hampered by shaky Italian diction and an occasional tendency to overact from sheer youthful exuberance (Painter Marcello, in Act I, hurled his brush clear offstage into the orchestra pit). But audience and critics were impressed by the Americans' voices and technique. The best voice in the group, many thought, belonged to Tacoma (Wash.) Baritone Ronald Reitan, who sang briefly last year with the San Francisco Opera. Ohio-born Tenor Jean Deis, who was told when he was nine that scarlet fever would prevent him from ever speaking again, also got a generous round as Rodolfo. The most popular Americans were Texas Soprano Sara Rhodes Hageman, 25, whose Miami Italians found "delicious," and Manhattan Showgirl-Soprano Marjorie Smith, who was in *Most Happy Fella* and is now being pursued by Italian film makers.

Medea & the Paddy Wagon

"I go now to the Styx, the sacred river!" sang the soprano, and flinging aside her dagger, collapsed on the stage. As the curtain fell, buxom Eileen Farrell hoisted herself to her feet, trudged back to her dressing room and sighed "When I'm through this role, I'll be ready for the paddy wagon."

For Soprano Farrell and the San Francisco Opera, last week's opening-night performance of Luigi Cherubini's *Medea* was both trial and triumph. The title role is one of the most exhausting in all opera: *Medea* is on stage for 80 of the opera's 105 minutes, and during most of that time she is singing strenuously. But *Medea* also has its great moments, and it provides an ideal vocal showcase for a dramatic soprano. In the last five years, Maria Callas has virtually made the role over in her own fiery image (she will sing it again in November with the Dallas Civic Opera). But San Francisco Opera Director Kurt Adler heard Soprano Farrell sing *Medea* in concert form, decided to give the opera its first U.S. production as the curtain



SOPRANO FARRELL AS MEDEA
The role is exhausting all the way.

raiser for San Francisco's six-week season.

The production is tailored to make the most of Farrell's opulent voice and to minimize the defects of acting and appearance that have limited her career almost entirely to the concert hall. Stage business was reduced to a minimum. But if Soprano Farrell failed visually to convey the briny sense of evil that Callas brings to the role, she demonstrated again that hers is perhaps the finest dramatic-soprano



FOLKLORIST LOMAX
Love is easier in the north.

voice in the land. Perfectly responsive to the opera's somber emotional inflections, her voice could sink effortlessly to a haunted, house-filling pianissimo or soar in gorgeously shifting gradations to cleave through the orchestra with ringing power. The least impressed person in the house was Singer Farrell herself. "The poor audience," she said after her grueling performance, "*Medea* just keeps on singing."

Just Folk

*Whoopie ti yi yo,
Git along, little dogies,
It's your misfortune
And none of my own.*

—Cowboy Song

A gypsy woman first sang the song to Folklorist John A. Lomax in Fort Worth, and in no time he made it one of the most famous cowboy songs in the land. Traveling in a model A Ford, with his young son Alan as an occasional companion, he took the song with him on his far-ranging folk-song safaris in the 1920s, twanged it at campfires and from college platforms. Two decades later in Dublin, carrying on his father's research, Alan Lomax heard Irish Folklorist Seamus Ennis sing an almost identical Irish lay about an old man cradling a newborn baby he half suspected was "none of his own." Lomax tracked the song to County Cork, where the old people sang it in Gaelic, calling it simply "the oldest song." Why? "Because that was the lullaby Joseph sang to the Infant Jesus."

Hymns & Handel. For the past eight years, fringe-bearded Alan Lomax, now 43, has been tracking down such leads, fitting together musical jigsaw pieces of many a puzzle about the family of man. He has collaborated with leading folklorists the world over, listened to miles of music already on tape, added taped material of his own and edited the best into comprehensible form. Columbia so far has issued 16 remarkable annotated albums (covering almost as many areas) in a projected 30- to 40-album series, and Westminster this month releases the sixth of a scheduled eleven albums of Lomax material from Spain alone.

Music Hunter Lomax has recorded Pygmies in the Middle Congo, basket weavers in France, geishas in Japan, Saturday night warblers in English pubs (but avoided Wales, which is "a tragedy; everything is Methodist hymns and Handel"). He has mapped the world folk-song families, found surprising links between them. The pinch-voiced, samisen-playing geisha finds an echo in the Spanish mountain-farm laborer thumping a *xinbomba* drum; "the lonesome, death-ridden American cowboy is a blood cousin to the *raga* singer in India."

Life & Love. Although he is neither a trained musician nor an anthropologist, Lomax has arrived at some general conclusions. For example, people in remote (often Northern) parts of continental European countries tend to "take life and love easy"; they sing in choral groups with open throats, often using frankly sexual words and lyrics. As he moved to less remote areas, Lomax found increasing

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"frustration and melancholy," accompanied by a nasal, constricted-throat, high-pitched style of singing that comes originally from the Orient.

Lomax aired his theories on England's highbrow Third Programme in one of the most popular series in BBC history (commemorated by *Punch* in a cartoon of a down-at-the-mouth hillbilly singing: "I've got those Alan-Lomax-ain't-been-around-to-record-me blues"). Now back in the U.S., Lomax would like to "turn the loudspeakers around" and convert Americans from a nation of audiophiles into folk performers. An eminently folksy sound—representing, according to Lomax, the "furthest intrusion of Negro folksong into U.S. pop music: rock 'n' roll."

Fastest-Moving Conductor

In the town of Besançon in eastern France, some of the world's best-known batons were wagging last week. Besançon's annual International Music Festival had invited conducting stars such as Pierre Monteux and André Cluytens. But the attention of most festival goers was focused on a tanned, tense young newcomer: 28-year-old American Conductor Lorin Maazel.

Although he is known in the U.S. only by a handful of recordings, Conductor Maazel (rhymes with Pa's bell) has built a European reputation as perhaps the fastest-moving young conductor of his generation. In the five years since he made his European debut, he has conducted most of the Continent's great orchestras, has appeared often at Milan's La Scala and in Vienna. A superb technician, Maazel invariably impresses older musicians with the vast amount of music he carries about in his head and the maturity of his musical ideas. "He is not sensational," said Violinist Isaac Stern after playing with him recently. "He is a little better than that. He is good."

French-born Conductor Maazel started studying violin in Paris, came to the U.S. with his parents before World War II and confounded experts by ably conducting some of the country's better orchestras when he was only nine. Later he managed to combine a college career (University of Pittsburgh) with a job as assistant conductor and violinist in the Pittsburgh Symphony. He also learned to master every other instrument in the orchestra, plus African drums (which he plays with one hand and a pencil).

Newly married, he left for Italy in 1952 on a Fulbright grant. Nowadays his rigidly imposed training schedule includes 90 minutes a day for violin practice, regular composition (mostly unpublished chamber works). He is already working on scores he will conduct three years from now ("The music must sink in"). He memorizes all scores, usually on a first reading, and claims to have such absolute pitch that he can identify the make and model of most cars by ear. "I drive my car mostly by ear," he says, "and shift gears when the pitch of the motor reaches B flat."

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Naked Earth (20th Century-Fox) may come as an unpleasant shock to Richard Todd fans. Actor Todd is well-known as the movie Robin Hood, romping boyishly about Sherwood Forest, bungling arrows at the Sheriff of Nottingham and dimpling at sight of Maid Marian. Now, all of a sudden, it turns out that he is shackled up with a Marseille whore in a thatched hut in Uganda.

Todd's steamy vis-à-vis (Juliette Greco) has abandoned her profession in her home town to better herself as the



Todd & Greco in "Earth"
A crocodile looks on gloomily.

hired partner of a would-be bushland farmer. The crocodiles carry him off before he can plant a single bean row, but Todd shows up, ready to offer her "anything that Harry did"; he even slips a wedding ring on her finger, by way of keeping the territorial priest happy. With the help of native labor, a rich tobacco crop springs from the land, and Actress Greco gets noticeably productive herself. But the natives go off on a binge instead of lifitin' that bale, and she loses the child while a crocodile looks on gloomily. Why should a stillbirth transfix a crocodile? It must have been the bright lamplight, reasons Todd, and with this invaluable clue, he soon bags himself enough crocodile skins to keep the handbag industry going for a year.

All this is familiar jungle rot, but Scriptwriter Milton Holmes has supplied some measure of balm. He gives Hero Todd a sturdy slug of cussedness with which to wash down the standard mixture of courage and nobility. And beneath his heroine's wayward beat beats no bromidic heart of gold; she is tough, sardonic, shrewdly mindful of her best interests, passionate only as an escape from boredom. When she finally comes to love her

man, it is with an old pro's brand of affection—wary, oddly sincere, and rooted in open-eyed recognition that he is probably the least lousy way out. French Café Singer Juliette Greco, in her first major American showing, swaggers, spits, snarls and snuggles her way through the role with a quick-bodied versatility that brings the character, and frequently the movie, tartly alive.

Wind Across the Everglades (Schulberg; Warner) is for the birds. Pretty birds they are, too—snowy egrets, white heron, roseate spoonbills—whether cawing squeakily in their fledgling nests or soaring through a dusky Florida sky. But Author-Co-Producer Budd (*On the Waterfront*) Schulberg should have heeded the advice usually given to acrophobes rather than bird watchers—never look down. Schulberg does look down, and he and his movie take a terrible tumble.

Canada's Christopher Plummer, a talented actor (Broadway's *The Lark*, TV's *Little Moon of Alban*), arrives in turn-of-the-century Miami, where he harkens to tales about Cottonmouth (Burl Ives), a red-bearded snake charmer off in the Everglades whose hand of swamp angels (including such old Thespians as ex-Pug Tony Galento, Clown Emmett Kelly, Jockey Sammy Renick) pick off the wild-life like hungry dogs in a horse-meat factory. Modern hunters would do well to study their technique: every bird they shoot falls within 2 ft. of their boats.

Bird Fancier Plummer, annoyed at so much slaughter for the sake of milady's hat trimming, mashes off into the interior to talk sense to Cottonmouth. In and out he goes—between stopovers at a Miami bawdyhouse run by Old Zipper Gypsy Rose Lee—while Ives hurls insults at him and viewers catch swamp fever. Even more intriguing than trying to guess what Plummer is up to is the question of what Schulberg thought he was doing. In any case, moviegoers should prepare to take flight faster than a startled rookery of roseate spoonbills.

Crime and Punishment (Kingsley International), Dostoevsky's novel, published in 1866, has served as the basis for at least half a dozen movies since 1917. The newest version, set in modern-day France by able Belgian Scriptwriter Charles (*It's All Murderers*) Spaak, offers nothing but sad emptiness in place of tragedy, pointlessness in place of enigma.

Raskolnikov is still a student, but named René (Robert Hossein), and he dresses in a duffel coat. In one supreme effort, he rises from his bed of resignation and hocks his watch, staring balefully at the old pawnbrokeress all the while. Mom and sis arrive in town and worry about him. "He's moody," decides sis, while a friend confides to him, "Your mother thinks you're sick." Thus reassured, he goes back and puts a dirk in the old pawnbrokeress, arousing the interest of a police

VIEWPOINT

Advertising

The Hard Sell

Brown Bolté is the new, young, active president of a young, active advertising agency named Sullivan, Stauffer, Colwell and Bayles (a mouthful which everyone bites down to "SSC&B"), now billing close to \$43 million a year and geared to the precept that "advertising is selling."



BOLTÉ:

The forceful, forthright, honest sell

Bolté, who is an inventor and composer in addition to being a marketing expert in the packaged goods field, says, "I believe the hard sell—meaning the forceful, forthright, honest sell—should be the principal ingredient of today's advertising."

Age of the Consumer

Explains Bolté, "Right after World War I, we were in a phase when production counted—the men who made things were the topkicks. Then came the retailing decade, when sales ran American business, because the sales executive controlled the outlets. Now we are in a new age—the age of the consumer, educated, aware, sophisticated—who must be presold before he or she steps into the store. The consumer age is really the age of advertising and marketing, and we must perfect our techniques in these areas if we are to keep the economy stable."

Messages of Merit

"Advertising on the whole improves all the time," states Bolté. "But there are still a lot of what I call 'Valentine' ads—space-fillers. An advertisement, to sell efficiently, should have a message of merit, put forth the sales points and comparatives of the product, and generally perform a consumer service." SSC&B staff of 330 people is working on that assignment at the moment for some 13 clients.

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The magazine of Togetherness



since 1383

ORIGINAL MUNICH LÖWENBRÄU

IMPORTED GERMAN BEER

internationally famous Munich Löwenbräu beer, with its authentic Old World flavor, is the largest selling imported beer in the U.S.A. Brewed and bottled only in Munich, Germany.

Imported by HANS HOLTERBOSCH, INC. New York 51, N. Y.

She deserves to eat out

—at least once a week!

Whether it be dinner, breakfast, brunch or lunch... the pleasure's made greater by America's best-loved beverage — coffee! And Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand!



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OF IMPORTANT EXECUTIVES

Overlooking lovely Central Park, Essex House is New York's headquarters for top-level businessmen. They enjoy its close location to business and entertainment centers and the new Coliseum. All rooms with television and many air-conditioned.

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Telephone: N. Y. 1-4074.

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ESSEX



HOUSE

on the park

Vincent J. Doyle, Vice-President & Managing Dir.
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH • NEW YORK



HOSSEIN AS THE STUDENT
Roskolnikov is a drip.

inspector (Jean Gabin) whose sleuthing practice is to "sit and wait."

He and the viewer wait a precious long time. As seeded by Dostoevsky, Roskolnikov was a thundercloud pouring out a torrent of social, financial and religious defiance. René, as squeezed out by the movie adapters, is a hapless drip, and the characters around him create a splash no larger.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Big Country. Director-Producer William Wyler's return to the Old West is no less triumphant because it is frankly epic in scope, and Burl Ives acts with the strength of ten as an up-from-the-dust rancher; with Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Charlton Heston, Carroll Baker (TIME, Sept. 8).

Me and the Colonel. Danny Kaye, in one of his funniest films, as a Polish refugee stranded in Paris while the *Wehrmacht* approached in 1940, based on *Jacobowsky and the Colonel*, S.N. Behrman's 1944 Broadway version of a play by Austria's Franz Werfel (TIME, Sept. 11).

The Defiant Ones. Stanley Kramer's film about a Southern chain-gang escape, with drama and photography that are black and white, and characterizations that are expertly blended shades of grey; with Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier (TIME, Aug. 25).

The Reluctant Debutante. Rex Harrison and Wife Kay Kendall, ducking in and out of the soup in Director Vincente Minnelli's lighthearted peek at Mayfair manners and amoralism (TIME, Aug. 18).

La Parisienne. Brigitte Bardot, leaning voluptuously on the sure comic talents of Charles Boyer and Henri Vidal, finally makes a film that is as funny as it is fleshy (TIME, July 28).

Indiscreet. Cary Grant dispensing yachts and yacht-ta-ta to Ingrid Bergman, in a funny, free-wheeling version of Broadway's *Kind Sir* (TIME, July 21).

The Goddess. Playwright Paddy Chayefsky and Actress Kim Stanley delivering a roaring diatribe against the Bitch Goddess, Success (TIME, July 7).



**WORLD'S MOST AMAZING "MEMORY"
—NOW WORKING AT BANKERS TRUST!**

Magnetic tape memory units, each capable of recording 3,000,000 transactions per hour, are part of the electronic data processing machine recently installed at Bankers Trust. Since 1934, our Methods Research people have been devising unique systems to handle the constantly mounting volume of work with speed, accuracy, and economy. Aided by top consultants, we are evolving new banking systems using the most sophisticated equipment. Creative imagination and the newest techniques mean still faster, better service for our customer friends.



BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK

**FORWARD-LOOKING BUSINESS
NEEDS A FORWARD-LOOKING BANK**

MEMBER FDIC





The Vanguard's are coming!

EVERYBODY GOES FOR THE VISCOUNT

...AND EVERYBODY WILL GO FOR

Powered by four mighty Rolls-Royce jet-props. There's something mighty comforting about flying on Rolls-Royce power. Back of every Rolls-Royce jet-prop engine are millions of airline flying hours. This priceless experience was the basis for the development of the new Vanguard. For here is a larger, faster, more luxurious expression of the famous jet-prop principle—pioneered by the Rolls-Royce-powered Viscount and proved in

over 1½ million hours of Viscount airline service worldwide.

The Viscount is the greatest passenger-pleaser of the decade. Because of its comfort and the quiet smoothness of its jet-prop engines, the Viscount is today's *most preferred* airliner. It's so popular that 17 airlines have increased their initial Viscount orders!

The new Vanguard's four Rolls-Royce engines

NEWEST FROM THE WORLD LEADER IN



THE NEW VICKERS VANGUARD

will speed you across the sky at more than seven miles a minute. Yet they will do it with amazing ease. Inside, you'll hardly hear them at all.

The Vanguards are coming soon! Trans-Canada Air Lines, which first brought you the Viscounts, will introduce the Vanguards in 1960 to North American skies. Watch for them!



VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS (AIRCRAFT) LTD. • Weybridge, England • Member Company of the Vickers Group

JET-PROP AIRCRAFT... VICKERS OF ENGLAND

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

From the Federal Reserve Board in Washington last week came the rosiest FRB comment yet on the comeback from the recession. Said the FRB: "Rapid recovery in economy activity continued in August. Industrial and construction activity, nonfarm employment and consumer buying rose further." The FRB index of industrial production rose three points in August, to 137% of the 1947-49 average, has regained more than half of the recession loss. Furthermore, the FRB found that it had underestimated the production climb in June and July, had to revise those figures upward.

Other recovery notes:

Q Steel output for August rose to 7,285,000 tons from 6,420,000 tons in July, and mills scheduled operations for the week at 65.4% of capacity, the highest rate all year.

Despite such notes of cheer, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, which has frequently disagreed with the economic views of the FRB, remained cautious. While recovery is undoubtedly under way, said the New York bank, the vigor and steadiness of the uptrend is still uncertain.

ROCKET ENGINE of 1.5 million lbs. thrust, enough to send big payload to the moon, will be built by North American Aviation's Rocketdyne Division. Under new Army contract, company will put together a cluster of eight engines, using Thor and Jupiter components. Engine will be ready for tests by late 1959. Rocketdyne also won recent Air Force contract for 1,000,000-lb.-thrust engine (TIME, AUG. 11).

FARM HARVEST will be 9.5% higher than ever before, despite federal crop controls that cut back planting to smallest acreage in 40 years. Good weather and better growing methods will raise per-acre yield of

RUSSIAN TRADE SHOW will be staged in Manhattan's Coliseum for four weeks next June-July, history's first major Soviet exhibit in U.S. In return, U.S. will set up exhibit at Moscow's Gorki Park.

NEW OIL GIANT with \$500 million assets will be formed by merger of Signal Oil & Gas Co. with Hancock Oil Co., both of Los Angeles County. Together, firms produce 142,500 bbls. per day in U.S., Middle East, Venezuela.

Slow Recovery

The jobless ratio rose because unemployment did not go down as much as it should have, considering seasonal factors. Actually, much of the dip in the unemployment total came from students who gave up looking for summer jobs—a move that was discounted by seasonally adjusted figures. But the hard core of unemployed adults over 25 held at 3,241,000, close to the high June level.

Retailing Rush

Into Manhattan's apparel district last week hurried 2,795 out-of-town buyers, the biggest number ever for a September week, all clamoring for quick delivery of new orders. Shelves were bare back home because the buyers had ordered cautiously last June (TIME, June 30), and the late summer surge cleaned out stocks. Retailers believe the pickup will grow strong.

er in the fourth quarter. The National Retail Merchants Association polled 225 members with total yearly sales of more than \$2.5 billion, found that 32% expect second-half sales to rise an average of 4% over the year-ago level, while 80% expect profits to equal or top last year's level.

Strike Target

To no one's great surprise, the United Auto Workers announced that its first strike target will be Ford. The U.A.W. set the deadline for this week, unless a new contract is signed. Ford said it was actually relieved that the showdown was set, promising to sign only the kind of contract that would be fair to its stockholders and customers as well as its workers, "whether it comes before or after the deadline." At week's end Ford said that it would make a new offer to the union.

Management, while giving no ground on wages, hinted at a willingness to sweeten pensions and supplemental unemployment benefits. Peace talks went on in weekend sessions in an atmosphere both friendly and optimistic. As U.A.W. President Walter Philip Reuther himself sat down with Ford Vice President and Chief Negotiator John Bugas, both sides exchanged renewed hope.

But if no settlement comes, the crucial test will be whether General Motors and Chrysler, which have presented a united front with Ford during bargaining, will also present a united front during a strike. Talk was that they might trim production, or shut down, in sympathy with Ford, undercut Reuther's whipsaw tactics. Following a poor year that saw G.M.'s Chevy alone outsell all Ford cars, Ford could not afford to stand idle while competitors were producing. But the U.A.W. could not long afford a joint shutdown by the Big Three. The union might be faced with \$12 million a year in benefits to jobless members, would soon exhaust its \$30 million war chest.

U.A.W.'s Reuther sermonized that a simultaneous shutdown by the automakers would be "immoral . . . unthinkable . . . a violation of the law." But Ford's Bugas countered: "The best advice from our lawyers is that it would be legal."

WALL STREET

Break Through the Top?

For a brief period one day last week, stocks on the New York Exchange nudged through the all-time bull-market high of 521.05 on the Dow-Jones industrial average. They slipped a bit before the close, thus technically set no new record, since the closing prices are the ones that count. Three times in the last two years, stocks have marched up to the high set in April 1950, then backed away from it. At week's end Wall Streeters were split on whether the average would burst through and set a new record, or whether the market would slide into the "technical correction" that many an expert has expected for weeks.

Whether the market is at a record high

NEW MODEL AT G.M.

Fred Donner, the new boss of General Motors, has seldom spoken for publication in his 32 years at G.M., has operated as a financial expert as quietly as he lived—in a modest, middle-class home in Port Washington, Long Island, the type he could buy with about four weeks' salary. Last week, in the first interview since he was named G.M. chairman, Donner spelled out his ideas to TIME Correspondent George Bookman with thin-lipped determination to let people know that he is far more than a mere book balancer, hopes to prove that he is as farcical a personality as his predecessor, Supersalesman Harlow Curtice.



DONNER

AT the outset, Donner aimed to set me straight on what he considers wrong impressions spread about him in news articles since he was promoted to chairman: "I am not taciturn. I am not shy. I am not afraid of people, and I don't even own a slide rule. People build up an image of a financial man that has no relation to reality. It will take a little time to get across the true picture."

He pulls no punches in defending the auto industry against some current criticisms. What about suggestions in Washington that G.M. should limit itself to a certain share of the auto market—say, less than 50%? He bristled: "Nothing sets me off so much as the suggestions that we ought to tell our people that there are limits on the effort they should make. Nothing could pull a corporation down faster. I have never seen us with a percentage of the industry that we could not be proud of."

One charge that also makes him particularly angry is that the recession was brought on by overexpanded credit selling of cars in 1955. "I think there was a coinciding then of two factors," he said. "The economic boom coincided with a freshness and newness of car models not seen for a long time. You had the panorama windshield and other improvements. The dealers got excited about the product. In their excitement they may have overrated. But the fundamental fact was the business excitement."

Does G.M. feel a responsibility not to compete so hard as to drive marginal producers out of the business? Snapped Donner: "And when did you stop beating your wife? If you are thinking of Studebaker-Packard, we didn't drive them to their present con-

dition. They drove themselves there. Did you ever stop to wonder what they did with the profits of the lush war years, if they reinvested them in the business?"

Is the average American's attitude toward cars changing, with more interest in low-cost transportation than in the appearance of the car? Such theories, said Donner, "were just rationalizations for not buying a car. Lots of this sort of attitude would change overnight if economic conditions change, especially if we have a fresh new product—and speaking for G.M., we are going to have a fresh new product."

Donner admits he does not fully understand the reasons for the smaller car vogue, but he is in no rush to order basic changes in G.M.'s product line. "I don't know for sure what it means, but I can tell you this—before we move at G.M., we will be sure. What would you do if you were Chevrolet and had the responsibility for selling a million and a half cars a year?"

"A car is a whole series of engineering compromises. To get economy you have to sacrifice something else. The economy cars we have examined usually have low weight and low performance. You can't have everything. The successful manufacturer is the one who makes the best guess not on what the people say they want, but on what they want and are willing to buy."

"Take the argument over chrome. People said they didn't want chrome. But in a good year we loaded the cars with chrome, and they sold extremely well. In many of these areas it is as much an art as a science to design a product that will sell. The successful corporation is the one that masters the art as well as the science."

DONNER'S SUBURBAN HOUSE



Bess Martin

THE QUALITY HOUSE

The U.S. Needs Better Places to Live

THE time has come to stop talking about the \$12,000 or the \$15,000 or the \$20,000 house. We need to talk about the kind of quality housing which people in different income brackets can afford, or are willing to make sacrifices for because they promise so much in happy living. In these words, Federal Housing Administrator Norman Mason summed up a new job for the U.S. homebuilding industry—the building of better as well as more houses.

Since World War II the big drive has been to produce the maximum number of houses at the lowest possible prices. What Mason now wants is to put the emphasis on quality, to encourage building better homes which will attract owners of less desirable houses to buy up, thereby upgrading the nation's entire housing supply. While much of the emergency postwar housing gave sound value, a lot of it was pure junk. In 1952 a congressional committee toured the U.S., found thousands of unhappy home buyers saddled with long-term mortgages on houses with floors that heaved like the ocean in a full gale, doors that would not close, and foundations that had settled away from the baseboard.

Fly-by-night builders and obsolete housing codes that often worked to restrict better homes were partly to blame for such conditions. But the major responsibility lay in Government appraisal practices, which set the standards for the industry, and which Mason has worked to change. Rules for figuring mortgages are often drawn in terms of the cheapest material available. Thus, as far as getting a mortgage is concerned, it makes little difference whether a builder puts in a 20-year furnace for \$350 or a \$275 job that wears out after five years. The builder is free to add quality features if he wants to, at the risk of raising the down payment so high that it scares off customers, even though the additional cost is usually small, e.g., \$150 added to the cost of a roof will add years to its life. Worst of all, good design, good site placement and all other things that add so much to resale value and the house-holders' enjoyment go unrewarded. A house designed by Frank Lloyd Wright may be assigned a value for loan purposes no higher than a house using the same materials and plans made by a builder as he goes along.

Contrasted with the minimum house is the goal of the quality house. Last month leading architects, builders and

manufacturers met in Manhattan in a housing conference called by the building magazine *HOUSE & HOME*, drew up a blueprint for the kind of house Americans should have. Fifteen points were agreed on. The most important: houses should have more space for living and storage. Other points: year-round air conditioning, two baths, a fully equipped kitchen and laundry (builders can buy appliances from distributors substantially below prices available to individual buyers), at least a 100-ampere electric service system, more acoustical tile and heavier walls to cut down on noise, full insulation to save on heating and cooling bills, an entry connecting with all areas of the house to eliminate using the living room as a hall, and private outdoor living areas.

Four out of five new homes awaiting sale today are not quality but minimum houses, stripped-down models designed for the under-\$5,000-income family. Yet into this classification fit only 45% of U.S. families and they are steadily diminishing in number. Last December FHA Chief Mason noted that buyers were putting less than a fifth of their incomes into shelter.

Since then he has called in outside experts to help him rewrite some minimum property requirements and credit rules. Next week he plans a conference on new valuation ideas, one aim of which will be to encourage the use of better housing materials with low maintenance cost. Also in the works are new FHA appraisal rules to upgrade housing, plus a trade-in program that will assure interim financing for older houses while they are being exchanged for new ones, and at the same time cut red tape and closing fees to make it almost as easy to trade in a used house as a used car. This will enable families to buy up or down the line in house size, neighborhood or price range as changing family fortunes and needs dictate.

All this, says Mason, is part of a housing revolution that buyers, builders and manufacturers must support. Up to now, many builders who added extra features to their houses failed to attract buyers because they had not been educated to recognize quality. Manufacturers of building materials have also stressed cost, rather than quality, even though they would all benefit from better homes. By emphasizing quality, they could attract more buyers to the market, help step up the yearly building rate from the present 1,117,000 to the 1,400,000 most experts think the U.S. needs,

depends on which yardstick is used. Like the Dow-Jones, Standard & Poor's index of 425 industrial stocks was close to a record at 52.06, only a shade under the all-time high of 52.18. On the other hand, the New York *Times* index, at 556.67, still had a good way to go to its 590.96. Moreover, the averages are heavily weighted in favor of leading blue chips, most of which have risen in the bull market. Thus they do not show that many another stock has declined. Some 40% of all stocks that were listed on the exchange in 1946—especially airlines, textiles and railroad equipment—are actually lower now than their 1946 peaks.

Much of the reason for the rise in the averages is improving business prospects and the fear of inflation, which has driven money from bonds into stocks. This has caused big investors to buy so heavily in such blue chips as Du Pont and U.S. Steel that Wall Streeters have started to complain about the "shortage" in these stocks. More and more institutions and pension funds are also going into the market, usually by buying blue chips. Last week trustees for the Bell System's \$2.6 billion employees' fund announced that the fund would buy stocks for the first time, spend up to 10% of its total assets.

What has happened is that the supply of money pouring into blue chips has grown faster than the supply of stocks. While the total number of listed shares has increased from 1.8 billion to 4.9 billion since 1946, the increase is deceptive, has not really increased the floating supply of stock to that extent. Many of the new shares are the result of stock splits, and dividends go to those already holding the stock. Most investors who receive extra shares continue to hold them, thus keeping much of the added stock out of the market. Major mutual funds alone have increased from 7.4 in 1946 to 146; new money flowing into these funds has totaled more than \$5.5 billion since 1946. Individual investors have also come into the market in increasing numbers; there are 8,630,000 today, vs. 6,500,000 in 1952. Thus Wall Streeters, who traditionally measure stocks by earnings and dividends, are now using a new factor—the supply of new money—to determine what stocks will do next.

CORPORATIONS

The Busiest Link

The man who has taught more pilots to fly than anybody else in history is Edwin Albert Link. Since 1929, Link has made and sold 4,500 trainers (i.e., simulators for flying, bombing, navigation) on which more than 2,000,000 pilots and other airmen have learned the feel of flying while still on the ground. Last week, at United Air Lines' Denver flight school, Link put into service his latest and most costly commercial trainer, a \$1 million electronic marvel that includes a full cockpit with all the controls and dials of a Douglas DC-8 jet liner. On it, United will train its crews for the jet age, giving them a taste of almost every

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Figures are the language of business. Olivetti office machines speak it fluently, clearly and economically



Ben Martin



INVENTOR LINK & HIS DC-8 TRAINER
High flying without leaving the ground.

conceivable problem they will encounter in the air.

By feeding coded instructions into computers, a flight instructor can suddenly and without warning create emergency conditions, such as brake or control-surface locking, icing, failures of power. To lend realism, a TV picture of a huge scale model of an airfield shows the pilot how the appearance of the ground changes as he takes off and lands. In addition to United, eleven other lines will school their pilots for the jet age on Link trainers, both for the DC-8 and Boeing 707. The trainers will save the lines huge sums, since it costs only \$36 an hour to learn in a trainer, compared to upwards of \$1,000 in a plane.

Hobby Into Career. The prospect of such spectacular savings in flight training was what spurred Ed Link to invent his first trainer more than 30 years ago while working in his father's piano-and-organ factory in Binghamton, N.Y. Link, whose hobby was flying, saw the need for a training device that would prepare flyers for flying before they had to take a real plane into the air. He and his brother George put together a plane-like gadget, offered to train all comers to fly at \$8; a head (v. \$25 to \$50 per hour for in-the-air flight instruction). But no one paid much attention to the trainer until 1934, when the Army Air Corps was suddenly called on to carry air mail. It found its pilots, trained to fly by watching the ground, not up to the job. After close to a dozen were killed within the first week, the Air Corps hastily began to buy Link trainers to simulate instrument-flying conditions.

The company expanded rapidly and during World War II the AN-T-18 Basic Instrument Trainer, known to tens of thousands of fledgling pilots as the Blue Box, was standard equipment at every air-training school in the U.S. and Allied countries. Every advance in planes and

missiles brought new Link trainers—for jet fighters and bombers, transpolar celestial navigation, and for the Matador, Sparrow and other missiles. Link trainers are now being used to go through dry runs on test firings of space shots. Says Link: "Some of our missile failures were traced to human errors. In the boredom of a countdown, somebody forgot to push a button."

In 1954, to get more laboratory space and capital, Link Aviation, Inc. joined up with General Precision Equipment Corp., a big grab-bag holding and management company that includes 16 other subsidiaries making everything from theater equipment and industrial controls to missile components. Link later became president of the parent company as well as retaining the chairmanship of the Link subsidiary. From an office in Manhattan, he keeps projects popping in G.P.E. plants spread from Pleasantville, N.Y., to Glendale, Calif., while Chairman Hermann Place, a money man, handles the financial end. From \$123 million in 1954, sales rose to \$183 million in 1957, but extraordinary research and development expenses on military contracts cut earnings from \$8,500,000 to \$4,300,000.

Exploring the Sea. The biggest chunk of the company's sales comes from its avionics subsidiaries. The hottest new product is a 2-cu.-ft. black box (Hidan) that enables a pilot in a plane to know exactly where he is at all times. With it, pilots can take off from any airport in the U.S. and fly to another, guided only by the signals from the black box.

A few years ago, tireless Inventor Link took up another hobby—deep-sea diving. Already, Link has co-developed a deep-sea diver's underwater scooter, a torpedo shaped like a hotel hallway's fire extinguisher that tows a diver along behind. Link is building a 91-ft. Diesel yacht specifically designed for undersea exploration with such gadgets as an underwater

metal locator for hunting wrecks and buried treasure, so sensitive it picks up tin cans. Next year, Link hopes to use the boat to explore the sunken Roman seaport of Caesarea, off the coast of Israel.

While flying and deep-sea diving may seem a long way apart, Link says they are not. "In the water and in the air navigation is the main problem, and the main fascination. I simply have applied what I've learned about air navigation to the sea."

REAL ESTATE

Toots's Roll

Manhattan Restaurateur Toots Shor's motto in life has long been, "Having friends is better than having money." As the town's No. 1 host to sportsmen, writers and politicians, Shor built a reputation as a fabulous spender, was often broke but never for a moment lacked for loyal friends. Last week Shor had no lack of money, either. For \$1,500,000 he sold his leasehold, which still has nine years to run, on his 31 West 21st Street restaurant, which he has operated since 1940. Purchaser: William Zeckendorf's Webb & Knapp, which plans to tear down Shor's place, add its 6,000 sq. ft. to an already cleared 84,000-sq.-ft. building site facing Avenue of the Americas between 51st and 52nd Streets. Likeliest use: a luxury hotel.

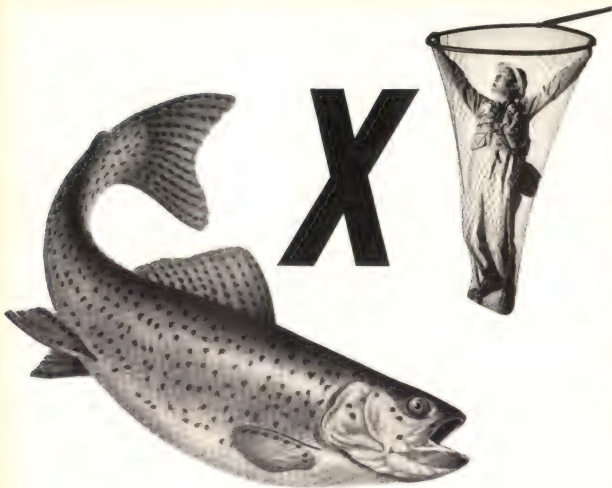
The deal was made at 3 o'clock in the morning in Chase Manhattan Bank's downtown office. After a night of flickering with Equitable Life Assurance Society, Shor's landlord and owner of the surrounding area, Webb & Knapp called in Shor, gave him his check. Shor, whose memory goes back a long time, told old friend and New York Post columnist Jimmy Cannon: "Being paid off at 3 in the morning, I felt like a bootlegger. That's when the old mob guys used to do their business."

Next noon at lunch, showing off the check to friends and customers, Shor ordered champagne on the house and disclosed to Cannon that he is already having problems, being so rich. Coming up from the bank, Shor said: "I got to the joint and started to tip the backie a dime. I figured I ought to start acting like all those other millionaires. But I didn't have the guts to be cheap." Now, said Shor, whose pet gripe is the stinginess of the rich, "I got to be nice to them. They're my people." With only six weeks to get out and hustle up another site, Shor soberly made his second drink a short beer. "I'm saving in little ways. That's how I'll get my second million."

MODERN LIVING

Credit-Card Game

In the nation's expense-account economy, nobody is anybody unless he can say "Charge it." Thus, the credit card has risen as a new symbol of status that enables one to rent a plane or boat or car, give parties in nightclubs, even go on a full-blown safari in Africa without put-



How to fish for men

with the help of Air EXpress and Extra-Fast Delivery.

This is the story of a big profit that didn't get away. Seems that when a run of fish develops anywhere in the country, men from miles around rush to buy rods, reels, hooks, everything. The fish won't wait, and fishermen can't. So an alert manufacturer casts his net in these moneyed waters, and lands the business — with the help of Air EXpress. He speeds deliveries to stores, even thousands of miles away, no later than *overnight*.

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Love Letters to Rambler



Ralph Danielson

Sports car enthusiast, busy father of 5 (including 2 sets of twins) and agent for Metropolitan Life, Ralph Danielson of Bar-

lington, N. J., recently entered his Rambler 6 Cross Country in the annual Economy Run of the South Jersey Sports Car Club. He reports:

"38.0 M.P.G."

"Established new record for the event...38.0 m.p.g. Such performance by a private car tuned only in a routine manner is truly extraordinary. Especially one that can transport 5 children and 2 adults to Florida, and has won a 1st. place trophy in time trials (over V-8 powered cars). Sincerely believe that the Rambler is the finest family car in America—perhaps in the world."

* * *

Now one of the "top 7" in sales—
Rambler continues to gain because Rambler offers both big-car room and comfort, small-car economy and handling ease. See for yourself at your Rambler dealer's soon!

**RAMBLER
IN THE TOP
7 IN
SALES!**

MISCELLANY

When one of our guests complained about his bill, we had him stuffed and mounted on the wall in the lobby. Quite a collector's item.



CHALFONTE — HADDON HALL

on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Owned & operated by Edwin & Upson Co. for 38 years.
Write for illustrated folder

ting down a penny. For businessmen it also provides a convenient record of all expenses to show the Internal Revenue Service. Last week the credit-card game provided businessmen with the spectacle of being wooed and fought over by a handful of companies trying to dominate the business.

Full House. While oil companies, hotels and airlines started their own credit cards years ago, the fast-growing new market for a broad new type of card was pioneered in 1950 when Lawyer Ralph E. Schneider, 49, Hollywood and Broadway Producer Alfred Bloomingdale, 42, and the late Frank X. McNamara founded Diners' Club. They built up a roster of 17,000 restaurants, hotels, motels and specialty shops that were glad to pay them a 7% fee for the business of their 750,000 members.

Diners' had no serious competition until old, bold American Express three months ago dealt itself into the card game, enlisted the aid of its worldwide contacts to drum up members. Through banks, American Express mailed applications to 8,000,000 depositors—people who obviously have some money to spend. President Ralph T. Reed also sent personal letters to 22,000 corporation presidents. More than 300 American Expressmen started knocking on doors of executive suites all round the U.S. to sell the credit card (charge: \$6 per year for initial card, \$3 for other members of the same firm). To bolster its membership, American Express bought out the Gourmet Guest Club (membership: 43,000), Diners' fought back by picking up the Esquire Club (100,000 members). Then American Express scored a real coup: last month it bought the American Hotel Association's Universal Travelcard (160,000 members and 4,500 hotels) that Diners' had long and vainly wooed.

New Tricks. Both American Express and Diners' furiously scouted out and signed up new services. American Express won a hand by signing Manhattan's Toots Shor restaurant, long a credit-card holdout. Diners' bounced right back by announcing a contract with the Stork Club, another holdout. American Express then scored by adding a galaxy of non-restaurant services: Western Union, Greyhound Bus, Avis and Hertz car rentals, Kinney Parking Systems, Kelly Girls for temporary office help. Amexco spread the word that in any of its 303 international offices, a cardholder could charge a ticket or tour to any spot in the world. In return, Diners' Club, which already boasts such non-restaurant services as liquor stores and florists, last week said it will offer travel policies from Beneficial Standard Life Insurance Co. (\$5,000 to \$10,000 life and accident coverage for \$1 a month).

All this furor worried Sheraton Corp. of America, second biggest U.S. hotel chain. It announced that it would offer to its 550,000 cardholders, who got their cards for nothing, a new comprehensive card for \$5. Hilton Hotels Corp., biggest U.S. chain, broke into a sweat: fearing the Sheraton competition, Hilton announced



J. Knafl

AMERICAN EXPRESS' REED
For sale: status and potency.

that it would expand the Hilton card, which is used in its 33 hotels in the U.S. and abroad, to cover outside restaurants and shops.

High Stakes. While the credit-card business sounds glamorous and profitable, it is no get-rich-quick scheme. The Gourmet and Esquire clubs never made money. Each member had to spend an average of \$500 per year for the clubs to turn a profit—but spending ran far below that total. The business demands expensive hustle and hoopla. To recruit a new member costs \$5; to \$10. To check each applicant's credit status alone costs \$2.50 to \$4. Losses from deadbeats run high. Book-keeping and promotional costs eat up almost all the clubs' 7% fees from restaurants and shops. Thus, most of Diners' profits come from the \$5 annual charge per card. (It earned \$1.29 a share in the fiscal year ended last March.)

Last week Hilton and Sheraton began to have sober second thoughts about bargaining into such a tough business. Sheraton started negotiations for a possible deal with American Express. Hilton sat down to dicker with Diners' Club. Under the deal being discussed, Hilton and Diners' would each take a small stock interest in the other and put out a new Hilton-Diners' all-purpose card. Hilton would retain his present card, good only for charging at Hilton hotels; invite the 1,000,000 holders to join the new club for a fee. Hilton hotels are expected also to honor the American Express card.

Wall Street figures there is room for both Diners' and American Express in the card game. But the giant share of the market eventually will go to the one company that can provide the widest array of services. Though Diners' has a sizable headstart in actual members, American Express is way ahead in worldwide credit facilities and cash resources for the roughshod battle ahead.



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September 8, 1958

MILESTONES

Born. To Alan Jay Lerner, 40, librettist for *My Fair Lady*, *Brigadoon*, et al., and third wife Micheline Muselli Pozzo di Borgo Lerner, 30, onetime Parisian lawyer: their first child, a son; in Manhattan. Name: Michael Alan. Weight: 8 lbs. 8 oz.

Married. Gwendolyn Goldfine, 37, daughter of Boston Industrialist Bernard Goldfine; and Robert J. J. Knowles, 30, New York decorator; in a civil ceremony in Arlington, Va.

Divorce Disclosed. Herbert von Karajan, 50, handsome, Salzburg-born orchestra conductor, widely known as "Generalmusikdirektor of the continent of Europe" (TIME, Aug. 25); by Anita Gütermann von Karajan, fortyish; after 10 years of marriage, no children; in Vienna, July 15.

Died. Herman P. Eberharter, 66, Pittsburgh-born, longtime (since 1937) Democratic Congressman from Pennsylvania, member of the House Ways & Means Committee; after a stroke; in Arlington, Va.

Died. Camilien Houde, 60, seven times mayor of Montreal, urban symbol of Quebec "nationalism"; of a heart attack; in Montreal. Mayor off and on from 1928 to 1954, rousing, witty, Camilien Houde (rhymes with shrewd) could turn almost anything to political advantage, including his bullfrog appearance and big red nose; he often compared himself to Cyrano de Bergerac, saying: "He was ugly as hell, but he had beautiful thoughts." Houde's most famous thought was publicly advising citizens not to register for conscription in World War II. Mounties trundled him off to internment camp, where he stayed four years. Returning to Montreal, he was met at the railway station by 10,000 cheering citizens, who soon helped re-elect him.

Died. Norman Baker, 74, a quack with vaudeville in his background and hokum in his bones, founder and publisher of the defunct Iowa-based journal, *F.V.T. (The Naked Truth)*, which advertised "internal" and "external" cures for cancer; in Miami.

Died. Rebekah Johnson, 77, mother of Senate Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson; in Austin, Texas. Four years ago Mrs. Johnson described her son's birth: "The light came in from the east, bringing a deep stillness, a stillness so profound and so pervasive that it seemed as if the earth itself were listening—and then there came a sharp, compelling cry..."

Died. Robert William Service, 84, English-born poet of the Yukon (*The Shooting of Dan McGrew*, *The Cremation of Sam McGow*); of a heart attack; in Lancieux, France (99% THE HEMISPHERE).

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BOOKS

Double Life in Africa

A WORLD OF STRANGERS (312 pp.)—Nadine Gordimer—Simon & Schuster [\$3.95].

Author Nadine Gordimer must be one of the heaviest crosses white South Africans have to bear. She not only tells the truth about her countrymen, but she tells it so well that she has become at once their god and their best writer. In two books of short stories and a novel, *The Lying Days* (TIME, Oct. 12, 1953), she had already revealed so much of white hypocrisy and black frustration that her work might have seemed finished. Now, at 34, she proves in an excellent new novel that the faces of evil and arrogance have an endless variety of expressions for one who can hear to look at them.

A *World of Strangers* is a simple novel that dissolves harrowing complexities. To Johannesburg comes a young Englishman, Tobias Hood, to manage the branch office of his uncle's publishing business. His only feeling about race problems—and in fact most problems—is that he wants no part of them. Born into a family of compulsive do-gooders he can still remember his mother reading crusading pamphlets in her bath; he candidly admits that "what I really wanted was to enjoy what was left of the privileged life to which I and my kind have no particular right."

The trouble with Tobias Hood though at first he is not aware of it, is that he suffers from simple decency. When he is asked to a mixed party of whites and coloreds, he accepts and makes friends. He is shocked when, after some of these colored friends come to visit him at his office, his white secretary resigns in horror. As the education of Toby's heart proceeds, he finds himself leading a double life. His white pals and his mistress would drop him like a synthetic diamond if they knew that he was going to slum homes in the colored quarters. Gradually he comes to value his colored friends more than the white—and by that time the last of his complacency is gone.

Author Gordimer a Johanne burger herself, tours this world of racial strangers with easy accuracy. When she describes a party white or mixed, a hunting trip, or an illicit visit to a colored shebeen (speakeasy), there is always a byproduct of insights into what is meant by every word or act. When she has finished with Toby Hood, he is a changed man. Any reader who shares Toby's indifference may feel at least the beginnings of a similar change of heart.

Mixed Fiction

LAST SUMMER, by Christopher Davis (320 pp.; Harcourt, Brace; \$3.95), introduces Toni Newman, who is 18, pretty, decent, and has been brought up in solid comfort by intelligent, loving parents. Yet she shouts at her shocked mother: "I'd go to bed with anybody who loved me or



NOVELIST GORDIMER
Suffering from simple decency.

gave me a chance to love him. Anybody at all."

What happened to make Toni feel that way? On a pleasant evening several weeks back she had driven out to a nightclub with her dull but good-looking young man, Stan Walters, as described by his teen-age brother, is "the guy who goes through life and nothing happens because he keeps counting his change." On this night, really afraid of love behind his great-lover façade, Stan got hopelessly drunk. Toni, trying to get home alone was forced into a stolen car by two young toughs, was raped, brutally beaten and thrown out.

So far, *Last Summer* is simply a muted, chillingly written version of a tabloid story. Author Davis gets down to his novelist's business as Toni finds that her familiar world is steadily rotting away because of the unease felt by the people around her. An old neighbor lady whom she has known from childhood cuts her on the street. At her summer school her instructor barely disguises his leer. Her younger sister pruriently prods her with questions. And Stan Walters shifts rapidly from guilt and remorse to jealousy and suspicion, accuses her of having invited the attack. Gradually Toni moves into a limbo beyond sanity, and begins to wonder if in some way she had not asked for what happened. At length, her puzzled and angered parents seem to join the enemy, and Toni, trying to play the role she has been assigned, is last seen in a Pullman sleeper, giving herself to a salesman who has been kind to her.

By keeping his voice down and his judgments out of this first novel, Author Davis, 29, enlists full sympathy for his victim. Though the jacket claims that his book is a blast at "contemporary Ameri-

can society," it is really a timeless story about two kinds of brutality: that of the criminal who hurts by not caring for the feelings of his victim, and that of the victim's loved ones who hurt even more by not caring enough.

NABOKOV'S DOZEN, by Vladimir Nabokov (214 pp.; Doubleday; \$3.50), follows *Lolita*, the cannon shot heard round the literary world (TIME, Sept. 11) and by comparison crackles sporadically like sniper fire. But since Nabokov is an accomplished literary marksman, these short stories are on target, and several are bull's-eyes. The targets are strikingly varied: a pair of Siamese twins, each of whom must be his brother's keeper; a frustrated lepidopterist; a White Russian general playing triple agent in the Paris of the '20s. The unifying theme, if there is one, is that of the heart's exile from the far country of its desires, a logical reflection of the physical exile of longtime Russian Emigré Nabokov. The uprooted, he seems to say, are more vulnerable than the rootless, for they are the victims of their memories.

In *Signs and Symbols*, a boy is exiled from his sanity while his parents wait helplessly for the telephone call from the sanitarium that will tell them that one of his recurrent suicide attempts has succeeded. "That in Aleppo Once . . ." tells of a Russian émigré torn from the girl he married "a few weeks before the gentle Germans roared into Paris." One story, *First Love*—"true in every detail to the author's remembered life"—links Nabokov to an episode in the life of the notorious Humbert Humbert. *Lolita's* nymphet-chasing hero. In the story, the narrator is smitten by a cute little nymphetease on the beach at Biarritz—but it is only a poignant little saga of puppy love quickly brought to an end by the boy's tutor. *Nabokov's Dozen* lacks *Lolita's* pun-prone pyrotechnics. But it shares with it Nabokov's fascinating gift for translating the machine-tooled commonplace of U.S. life into a surreal landscape of fantasy, a kind of Poe-like, gadget-haunted region of Weir. Thus a soda-fountain stool violently revolves into a "tall mushroom," a newly screwed-in electric bulb lights up with "the hideous instance of a dragon's egg hatching in one's bare hand." It is the strength of Nabokov's imagination that makes the characters in these stories live. It is the weakness of his characters that they can live only in their imaginations.

"That B.B.B.B. Old B."

MARLBOROUGH'S DUCHESS (314 pp.)—Louis Kronenberger—Knopf [\$5.75].

Authors who "understand women" may do so because they have learned first to understand men—and to know what a woman must contend with in her particular time and society. Author Louis Kronenberger, TIME's theater critic and an authority on 18th century Britain, knows that Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was one of the toughest, tetchiest,

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worldliest women of her time—but also that the time itself was one of treachery and double-dealing, an age in which England was “almost plagued with brilliance, and swollen with ambition.” It was the era of Swift, Defoe, Newton, Wren, Pope—but it was equally an era of savage religious fanaticism, corruption and shameless nepotism (men, said Sarah, anticipating William Gilbert’s Sir Joseph Porter, came “to be Admirals without ever having seen water but in a basin”).

In this underworld, shy, sickly, dowdy and dull Princess Anne—later Good Queen Anne, the last of the Stuart monarchs—groped for a hand to guide her.



QUEEN ANNE
Overwhelmed by an eagle.

She turned to one of her childhood friends, Sarah Jennings, and found that her hand was dexterous, hard and tipped with eagle’s claws.

“This dull dumpling of a princess,” says Author Kronenberger in his first biography, “adored Sarah for her looks, her quick mind, her unfettered personality; this inveterate stickler for form would put aside for Sarah the one great advantage she possessed, her rank.” After they were married (Anne to Prince George of Denmark, Sarah to dashing young Colonel John Churchill, future Duke of Marlborough*), Sarah, at the Queen’s suggestion, addressed her royal mistress as “Mrs. Morley,” became herself “Mrs. Freeman.” Their husbands, joining in this play-acting, were cast as “Mr. Morley” and “Mr. Freeman.”

New Broom. Together, the Freemans and the Morleys led a life that was dramatic, intimate and unique in the annals of British monarchy. Almost annually, Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman became dutifully pregnant, suffered the usual miscarriages and infant deaths, played godmother to each other’s surviving off-

spring. On the great day in 1702 when the newly proclaimed Queen made her first grand entrance into Parliament, she did so with Sarah Churchill as her attendant and John Churchill marching in front, carrying the great sword of state. And after Churchill’s victory over the French at Blenheim, everyone knew the lines:

*And Anne shall wear the crown but
Sarah reign . . .
Churchill shall rise on easy Stuart’s
fall,
And Blenheim’s tower shall triumph
o’er Whitehall.*

Sarah did indeed reign at court as Groom of the Stole, Mistress of the Robes, Keeper of the Privy Purse. Soon, Anne’s entourage swarmed with Sarah’s relations, including cousin Abigail Hill, a penniless gentlewoman who had sunk to the role of “dust broom” (as Sarah put it) to a titled lady. What happened next seems, as Author Kronenberger says, “too much in the flashy traditions of the theater to have happened in real life.” Slowly, week by week, Abigail, the dowdy waif, replaced Sarah as the dowdy Queen’s bosom friend—largely because Sarah had become haughty and downright rude to the Queen. When Sarah at last discovered that the ungrateful “dust broom” had swept her off the royal doorstep, she pelted the Queen with abuse, venting her spleen in “thunderclaps of fury and rage.” Before a horrified crowd, she quarreled with her on the very steps of St. Paul’s Cathedral.

Historic Reply. Marlborough, returning tired and sick from campaigning, tried to lead the breach—only to find that he, too, had had his day. Just as the Queen would have no more of Sarah, so would the war-weary nation have no more of John. “Mr. & Mrs. Freeman” were no more; they had been reduced to the status of a common duke and duchess.

Yet Sarah’s grandeur reached perfection in the years that followed her fall from favor. “That B.B.B.B. old B. the Duchess of Marlborough” (as the architect of Blenheim Palace, Sir John Vanbrugh, described her) outlived not only her husband, but Anne, Anne’s successor (George I.) and most of her own children. Widowed at 62, she rejected offers of marriage from an earl and from the proud Duke of Somerset. Marlborough had loved her passionately (tradition has it that on coming home from the wars, he would “pleasure” her even before he had taken off his boots), and Sarah’s reply to Somerset has gone down in history. “If I were young and handsome as I was,” she wrote, “instead of old and faded as I am, and you could lay the empire of the world at my feet, you should never have the heart and hand that once belonged to John, Duke of Marlborough.”

Modern Outlook. “Almost every anecdote concerning her is an encounter,” says Author Kronenberger, and Marlborough’s Duchess is so rich in anecdotes that it becomes a series of unforgettable encounters. There are anecdotes in the

grand manner—such as old Sarah marching into the law courts to forbid the sale of one of the Duke’s presentation swords, crying: “Shall I suffer the sword which my lord would have carried to the gates of Paris to be sent to the pawnbroker’s and have the diamonds picked out one by one?” There are anecdotes of the stamina and courage that made her beloved in old age—as when she trudged determinedly in George II’s Coronation procession and “seized a drum from a drummer and blithely sat down on it [to rest].” Once, when the doctor whispered to an assistant, “She must be blistered or she will die,” he heard the 80-year-old



DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH
Adored by a dumpling.

matriarch bellow back: “I won’t be blistered and I won’t die!”

In his great biography of Marlborough, Winston Churchill spoke of Sarah’s “detached, disdainful, modern outlook upon life”; she resembled, he said, the sort of woman busy “in the public and social agitations of our own day.” Author Kronenberger seems to agree with that view. “She was not at all, by happy standards, a great woman,” he concludes, but she was forever so “inextinguishably herself” that she “persists even now.” Moreover, she was like a great landmark in England’s history—the last example of a nation that was changing “from a society of thieves to a nation of shopkeepers.”

Island of Fantasy

WORDS ARE STONES: IMPRESSIONS OF SICILY (212 pp.)—Carlo Levi—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy (\$3.75).

Underneath Sicily lies forever a Cyclops, crushed beneath the land’s great weight, through the vengeance of the gods. His mouth is beneath Etna, and huris forth flames of lava . . .

To plain Sicilians, such legends are not old wives’ tales but part of everyday life

* Great-great-great-great-great-grandfather of Sir Winston.

* Four times bloody old bitch.

—along with Christian miracles, Saracen tales of derring-do, and glittering fantasies of the U.S. way of life. The background against which these visions take shape is composed of blasted heaths and stark, sun-baked mountains; in the foreground are a rich aristocracy and poor peasantry whose lot is still hard despite the great strides toward prosperity made by Sicily in the past decade. Between the two extremes roam the brigands and the men of the Mafia, who from time immemorial have existed by making the "protection" indispensable to prince and peasant.

Carlo Levi is a north Italian, but he is one of the few writers alive who can bring Sicily to the printed page without losing a scrap of myth, beauty and horror. In *Christ Stopped at Eboli* (TIME, May 5, 1947), Levi dealt with life in Lucania, an even poorer region, and the book brought him such fame that he now writes with a special sense of mission about the Italian poor. His weaknesses are 1) too much self-consciousness in his pleading, 2) too little skepticism respecting the left. Yet few will read Author Levi's *Impressions of Sicily* without feeling a forgiving sympathy for both these weaknesses.

Resurrection. Among other scenes, Author Levi describes the dark sulphur mines of Lercara, owned by the terrible Cyclopean figure of Signor N. In their underground world, the mine workers have only recently discovered the weapons of the trade union and the strike, and in this "ordinary, normal episode of social struggle," Levi sees something comparatively religious—a kind of resurrection.

With a brilliant eye for contrast, he leaves these "resurrected" to describe a nearby cemetery where 8,000 mummies are on view, dating from the 16th century to as late as 1920, and including priests, professors, young virgins, even "an American consul with a big black mustache." The book is at its best in an account of how New York City's Mayor Vincent ("Mr. Impy") Impellitteri returned to his native village in 1951. With no blasphemous intent, Levi describes the visit in the way some of the simpler Sicilians might have seen it—as the story of the Saviour repeated in modern form.

Adoration. In their eyes, Isnello ("a village of shepherds") was not Signor Impellitteri's birthplace; it was the place of his "nativity." Long before Mr. Impy appeared, "wise men" were gathered "in adoration" before the hovel (at the corner of Bethlehem Lane) where he was born. When Mr. Impy finally arrived, he made his triumphal entry in a grey Pontiac rather than on an ass: thousands ran forward to touch the blessed vehicle and draw sustenance from its sheen. Americans may remember Impellitteri merely as an uninspired politician and second-rate mayor of New York. But in Sicily, says Author Levi, it all went to show that nowadays the "kingdom of Heaven [is] called America," and that this being so, "no crucifixion, no Golgotha" was needed to complete Mr. Impy's myth—only "a large luncheon, which was not the Last Supper."



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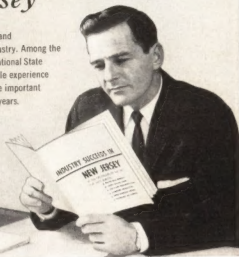
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THE WORLD OVER



MISCELLANY

Over Text. In Port Arthur, Texas, the Don Drive-In Theater advertised that its "Back-to-School" program would include "Hot Rod Rumble, Portland Exposé, Teenage Doll, The Come On, Crime in the Streets, Young Guns, plus Glamour Gals of Burlesque."

Sack Bencher. In Wellington, N.Z., during a late session of Parliament, Chairman of Committees Reginald Keeling rebuked Opposition Member Dean Eyre, said: "Will the honorable member please speak more quietly, for some members are sleeping."

Rule of Thumb. In Albuquerque, John Murry explained to a U.S. district judge that he had stolen a car to make the journey from Durango, Colo. to Aztec, N. Mex., because "you can't hitchhike in the state of Colorado."

Wheel Done. In Nashville, Tenn., Mrs. Herschel Erwin drove to a market for more steak, found the store closed, hit and killed a 500-lb. steer on her way home.

Postage Due. In Columbus, Neb., G. G. Zellers received a letter mailed to him at 4:30 p.m. on April 7, 1927.

Tongue Twister. In Anadarko, Okla., a witness in a district court trial was asked by Attorney Chuck Goodwin if he thought the defendant's tongue had been thick at the time of the alleged offense, answered: "I didn't look in his mouth."

Re Salute. In Sacramento, the California Youth Authority reported that a youngster at the Fricot Ranch School for Boys—asked what he would like to be when he grows up—said: "A civilian."

Demand & Supply. In Cookville, Ont., when a court wanted to know if it was true that James Chester beat his wife, Chester said: "Only when she needs it."

Player's Weight. In Blackpool, England, Ventriloquist Terry Hall was threatened with loss of membership in the Association of Non-Smokers unless he stops his dummy from smoking during the act.

Betlock. In San Francisco, police watched Tom Pandey for several days, noticed that he walked normally in the morning but developed a pronounced limp by afternoon, picked him up with \$50 in bills and coin in his socks, hauled him in for bookmaking.

Trousseau. In Johnson City, Tenn., when detectives arrested 76-year-old Ben Howard Gibbs for shoplifting, he was carrying two cartons of cigarettes, four watchbands, two pipes, four pairs of eyeglasses, 25 assorted drill bits, eleven pocket knives, a ring, a safety razor, a marriage license.



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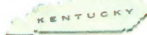
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